

The Literary Digest

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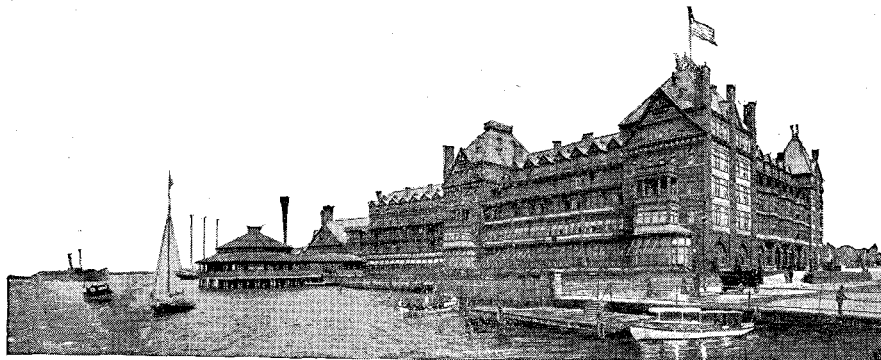
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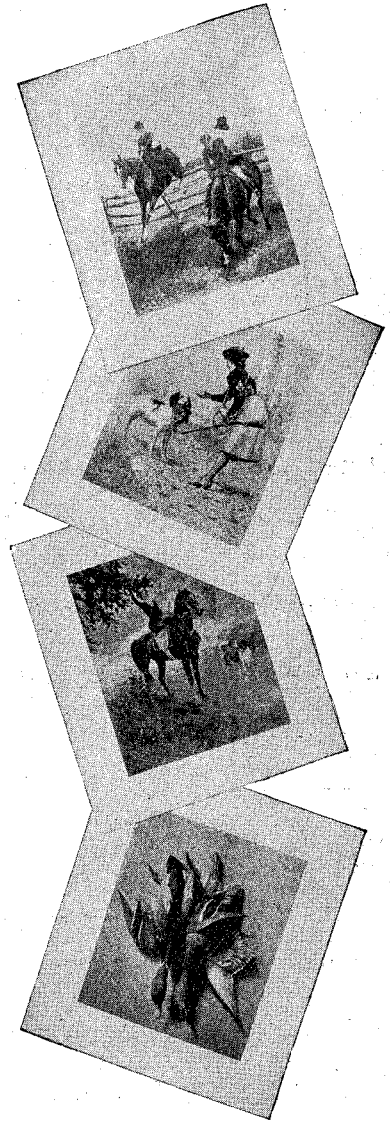
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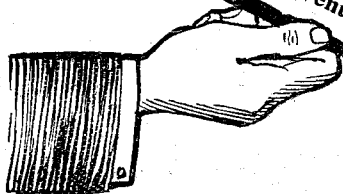
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THE LITERARY DIGEST

VOL. XXXII., No. 12

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1906

WHOLE NUMBER, 831

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MAKING THE TRUSTS TELL.

THE Supreme-court decisions in the Tobacco-trust and Paper-trust cases, a majority of the press believe, will bring the corporations gradually to adopt as their motto, "Honesty Is the Best Policy." For the Supreme Court rules that the personal privilege of witnesses not to answer, on the plea that they might incriminate themselves, was not meant by the Constitution to apply to corporations. The opinion, written by Justice Brown, is in the case of *Hale vs. Henkel*. Hale, an officer of one of the companies in the Tobacco Trust, declined to produce documentary evidence in spite of a *subpoena duces tecum*, and he was committed for contempt. He had declined to answer, first, because there was no specific charge against anybody before the grand jury, and, second, because answers might incriminate him. In the decision against the trust, by a vote of seven to two, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer dissenting, Justice Brown defends the grand jury's power to proceed without a written or formal accusation, and goes on to say:

"The right of a person under the Fifth Amendment to refuse to incriminate himself is purely a personal privilege of the witness. It was never intended to permit him to plead the fact that some other person might be incriminated by his testimony, even tho he were the agent of such person."

"The individual may stand upon his rights as a citizen, but the corporation is a creature of the State. It is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public. Its powers are limited by law. It can make no contract not authorized by its charter. Its rights to act as a corporation are only preserved to it so long as it obeys the laws of its creation."

In the case of the Paper Trust, Robert S. Taylor, a special commissioner, undertook to examine in Milwaukee two companies alleged to be connected with the trust. They refused to bring their books. "Contention that documentary evidence called for," said Justice McKenna in his decision, "was not shown to be in the possession or under the control of the witness is untenable." The officers, he holds, were summoned as representing the corporation. This decision was unanimous. The *New York Times* comments:

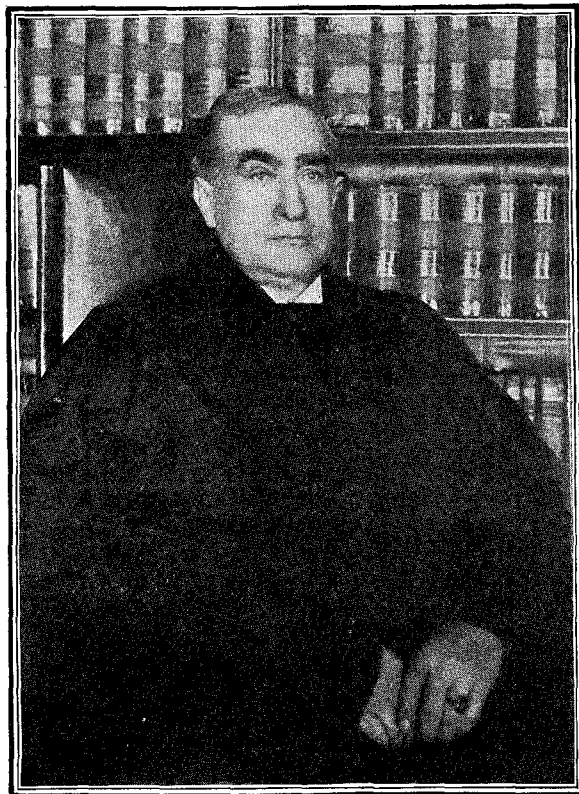
"The decision has a good deal of significance for the managers of corporations. It means that they must carry on their business not as if their transactions were concealed by midnight darkness, but in the broad light of day. Otherwise there is no safety. The books of account, kept under lock and key, that show the secret rebate will have to be produced in court. The unlawful contract that gives one customer an unfair advantage over other customers will be spread before the jury. Every kind of agreement, understanding, custom, or practise that carries with it a record that would be evidence of the violation of the Interstate Commerce act or of the Antitrust act will henceforth be dangerous."

The *Washington Star* concurs in this, and the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, referring to Justice Brown's decision, observes:

"The plea of immunity has been overworked of late years. It has been stretched out of all relation to the constitutional privilege.

It has been made to serve as an excuse for refusing to answer almost any question a witness did not want to answer. The Supreme Court restores it to its original and constitutional dimensions."

In the opinion of the *Philadelphia Press*, "this decision makes the way clear for enforcing the legislation which Congress has passed, or is contemplating, against those practises of corporations which are unjust and unlawful and against public policy." The *New York Journal of Commerce* recommends that henceforth



JUSTICE BROWN,

Who holds that trust secrets must be told by trust officials. He will retire from the Supreme-court bench in June.

public attention should be turned to the enforcement of those laws that we have, and adds, incidentally, that those two decisions have taken away the excuses of negligent prosecuting officers. "Courts and grand juries will no longer be left at the mercy of a recalcitrant witness," rejoices the *New York World*, and it adds:

"These two decisions of the Supreme Court should put fresh heart into President Roosevelt if he really cares as much about enforcing old statutes as securing new laws from Congress."

Among the unenthusiastic voices, the *Brooklyn Eagle* can not help feeling that the Fifth Amendment "would be badly jarred, to say the least, if the testimony produced under this ruling were ever employed to the detriment of the individual from whom it was extorted." The sole fear of the *New York Press* is that rail-

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road companies and trusts do not keep their damning evidence in books and documentary form generally.

One person at least tries to extract some personal glory from these decisions, and that is Judge Alton B. Parker. This decision, says Judge Parker, is directly in line with what he has been saying—that the present laws are sufficient. The New York *Evening Post*, which supported the judge, naturally exults with him. It remarks:

"To be a despised prophet and then to see the complete fulfillment of your prophecy, is an unusual experience. Any satisfaction that goes with it is fairly Judge Parker's, who now sees the Supreme Court uphold his contention that the common law is adequate to control corporate misdoing. This doctrine, which was the occasion of much ridicule in the last Presidential campaign, now appears, not as a mere expression of a conservative temperament, but as a sagacious interpretation of a great principle of law."

But *The Evening Mail* goes roughshod over the judge's victory. It observes in caustic vein:

"As the people of the United States did not care a rap, except in a contemptuous way, about Judge Alton B. Parker's opinion as to the 'sufficiency of law' in 1904, it is not likely that they will take note to-day of his gleeful claim that the decision is 'in line with what he has been saying for many years.' Almost anything would be in line with something that Judge Parker said in 1904, for, in the course of the Presidential campaign, he was on both sides of nearly every question that was up."

MISERY OF MILLIONAIRES.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S remark that "millionaires who laugh are rare" was bound to evoke comment from the newspapers. The Philadelphia *Press* makes this analysis of the case:

"While multimillionaires amble along the pathway of life envied of all men, they are, in reality, burdened with a responsibility



THE DISAPPOINTING BROOD.

Somebody must have put the wrong kind of eggs under the good old hen.
—Bradley in the Chicago News.

which nobody but themselves can know or appreciate. They have worries innumerable and troubles inconceivable to their less fortunate fellows. Their vast capital must be employed; investments must be sought and studied, while over all is the constant menace of stock markets in the hands of conscienceless speculators. Their lives are harassed by importunities; they are threatened by the daring, the desperate, and the criminal."

Another rich man, Mr. James T. McQuade, of New York, gives

it as his opinion that a wealthy man never can live happily. According to Mr. McQuade's own story, prosperity turned his wife's head. He and she drifted apart. To quote:

"Now I am dissatisfied. I constantly am craving of more money. My marriage was a failure, and I am constantly and unceasingly busy. And I know hundreds of others who are in the same way. A wealthy man never can live happily."

In commenting on this lugubrious outlook of Mr. McQuade, the Chicago *Evening Post* describes a sort of social settlement advocated by one writer for the benefit of what he calls "the neglected rich," to secure for them certain things which money can not buy, and to establish certain relations which money does not determine. Its prime object, he sets forth, is like that of the unions, to establish a higher standard of living. Mr. McQuade, *The Evening Post* thinks, "should betake himself to the Half Way House. He is a conspicuous example of the improvident rich. He is pitifully lacking with the proper equipment with which to fight the battle of life. Like numberless human beings, rich and poor, he has failed because he does not know of what living consists."

HOW TO EXPLOIT CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

CAPTAINS of industry, according to Dr. F. W. Taussig, professor of economics at Harvard, may yet be put to valuable public uses. Their "sordid activities," he thinks, may give way to "noble ambition and public-spirited effort." At present the inducements to enter public life are not very tempting. What a business man contemplating political life sees before him is a great complex and unwieldy mechanism, "a body of subordinate officers imposed by popular vote; the right of check and confirmation by a municipal legislature, commonly with two cumbrous branches . . . and, not least, a brief term of office." Wealth, on the other hand, offers rewards which appeal much more strongly to man's love of ease and comfort, his desire for distinction, his impulse to activity, and his passion for power and mastery. The captain of industry, "to a degree of which we are hardly aware, but which he himself appreciates but too well, is the power behind the throne in the political life of our boasted democracy. In the business sphere he is an acknowledged leader, before whom men bow and cringe, and of whom they speak with bated breath." Under such conditions, asks the writer—

"Can the great capacities of the captain of industry be turned directly and unquestionably to the general good without the bribe of a fortune, and of power, thinly veiled and lightly trammelled?"

For it seems perfectly clear to him that the modern community stands strongly in need of industrial leaders. There is no doubt to his mind that at least some of the great industries of modern times would be carried on to greater advantage for the community if conducted as public enterprises under able management. The great question to him is, Can able management be secured? Is there any way of substituting the rewards of industry to efficient public servants? This question Professor Taussig is inclined to answer in the affirmative. In spite of the fact that such prizes as titles, orders, and decorations are not available in a democracy, he thinks that nevertheless public station is a lodestone of wonderful power, and, besides, he tells us "that we must not forget the altruistic impulse." He goes on to say:

"There is enough of public spirit and of genuine altruism to contribute effectively to the solution of our social and economic problems. When we add the gratification from public fame and a place in history, we may feel reasonably sure that for a considerable proportion of those who have the gift of leadership the attractions of public service are powerful enough. Given opportunity for the exercise of these gifts of leadership, and leaders of the right stamp will not be lacking."

And the best way of improving the machinery of government, in the writer's opinion, "lies in lengthening the terms of service

for the administrative officers; in reducing the number of elected officials, and enlarging the appointing power; in simplifying the machinery of municipal and State government, and perhaps of the National Government as well." This means the abrogation of power by the voter. Well, some such change, thinks the econ-



PROF. FRANK WILLIAM TAUSSIG.
Captains of industry, he thinks, may be put to good civic

omist, will be necessary, if not forever, at least for long periods at a time. For the right kind of men, he feels, need the opportunity for uninterrupted and successful achievement. "The more of such opportunities we have in political life, the more readily shall we attract men of power to public service."

ARE THE COAL MINERS OVERREACHING?

IN the protracted controversy between the coal miners and operators one demand particularly made by the miners calls forth bitter protests from the daily press throughout the country. That demand is the claim for the "closed shop." For that there seems to be practically no sympathy. The Brooklyn *Eagle* enumerates the demands as follows:

"Briefly, the miners want recognition of the union, an eight-hour day, a conciliation board that will settle grievances without delay, weight instead of measurement, and uniform rates of pay. Also, they want the operators to deduct from the wages of each miner the amount of his union membership dues, which is, of course, to be turned over to the treasurer of the union."

The miners, believes *The Eagle*, "are flying in the face of what the President describes as merely elementary decency." The operators maintain that "we stand unalterably for the open shop," which the New York *Sun* deems the seven most important words of their reply. *The Sun* also calls attention to the awards of President Roosevelt's Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in 1903. To quote:

"IX. The Commission adjudges and awards: That no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or inter-

ference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization.

"The right to remain at work where others have ceased to work, or to engage anew in work which others have abandoned, is part of the personal liberty of a citizen that can never be surrendered, and every infringement thereof merits and should receive the stern denouncement of the law."

The common sense, maintains *The Sun*, "the intelligence, the patriotism, and the law-abiding spirit of the American people are and will continue to be unalterably for the open shop." The truths in the Commission's awards seem to be self-evident, in the opinion of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and therefore, "when the anthracite operators declare 'we stand unalterably for the open shop,' they take a stand that challenges the support of every loyal believer in the principles upon which our Government is founded." Indeed, the operators in their announcement "took an impregnable position," thinks the New York *Evening Post*, and "they would command the sympathy and support of all people who are not committed to the program of rule or ruin adopted by many of the labor unions." Not only are the operators right in opposing the closed shop, but they have no right to allow it, and in support of this the New York *Times* quotes President Eliot of Harvard, as follows:

"No corporation has a right to submit to, encourage, or connive at any monopoly of the kind of labor it buys, because the corporation which yields to such monopoly abridges the just liberty of workingmen, and liberty is an indispensable condition of public and private happiness."

So everybody thinks except the unionists, adds *The Times*. The operators, the Detroit *Free Press* points out, could not help foreseeing public support for their attitude.

Another demand of the miners that comes in for some scathing criticism is that the operators collect the miners' dues to the union by deducting from their wages, and handing them over to the union officials. "Absurd and impolitic," the Milwaukee *Sentinel* calls this demand, and feels sure it would be found illegal and unenforceable. And the Springfield *Republican* makes this observation on that head:

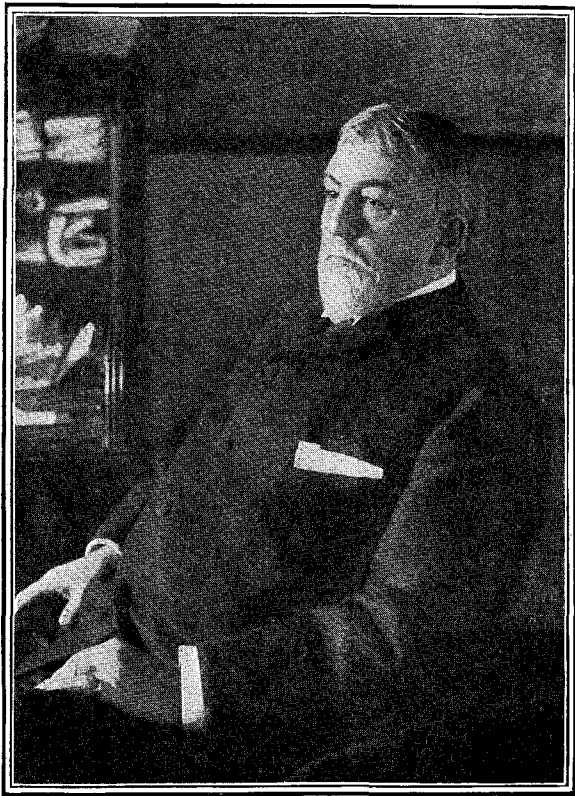
"It is said that this practise has actually been forced upon the bituminous operators, but that does not lessen the cheeky character of a demand which has for its end virtually the enslavement of the laborer to the union leaders. When the latter have the nerve to present such a claim, their other demands invite a suspicious scrutiny."



SAWING WOOD.
—Williams in the Philadelphia *North American*.

PLAYING AT WAR WITH CHINA.

THE ethics of planning in time of peace for the future invasion of a country now friendly to us is brought to the front by Senator Hale, of Maine, in the course of some remarks in the Senate on the increase of the army; and the discussion brings out the fact that many people incline to look with disfavor on these



SENATOR HALE,

Who wishes the General Staff wouldn't invade China so much.

paper campaigns against friendly Powers. Senator Hale says that the General Staff has "a plan for sending 18,000 men to invade China," and he is inclined to think that "the purpose of the General Staff is that they may be used, if an emergency either arises or can be made, to invade China, which, of course, would be a declaration of war while Congress is in session." Some papers are inclined to agree with the Senator in his criticism of the General Staff. Says the New Orleans *Picayune*.

"Having comparatively little to do in caring for an army as small as ours, this brilliant and exclusive body employs its leisure in mapping out plans for possible contingencies and in scheming to bring about a general increase in the army. It is a top-heavy and useless institution, and has accomplished nothing other than to greatly diminish the authority and prestige of the civilian Secretary of War."

Let the Staff play its game on paper, advises the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "but let it keep details secret." The New York *Journal of Commerce* believes the officers of the Staff have made themselves ridiculous and observes:

"If the General Staff of our little army must play at going to war, let them keep their moves on the board strictly to themselves; above all, let them abstain from anything calculated to inflame the minds of the men at the military posts or to wound the susceptibilities of any friendly Power."

But in the opinion of many papers, Senator Hale has absurdly small grounds upon which to attack the General Staff. The gravamen of his charge, says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "was that the Staff was doing its duty," and then that paper adds:

"The charge that the General Staff has perfected a plan for the invasion of China is a charge that it has done its duty only. It should perfect plans for the invasion of every country on earth,

for that is what it is paid for. Certainly in the situation confronting us in the East there would be no excuse for the failure of the Staff to have complete plans for the invasion of China. That the Staff should prepare these plans is no more an evidence that it intends to do what it can to provoke war than would be the study of a new building with the idea of fighting a fire therein be evidence that the head of a fire department contemplated an incendiary attempt. It is his duty, as it is theirs, to be ready for situations which may be brought about by others or be the result of chance. No man can say where the military force of this country will next be used, not even a Senator whose voice must be raised either for war or peace, and the Staff is compelled by its duty to prepare campaigns for every country that it be not caught napping. It might shock Senator Hale to know that every general staff in Europe has complete plans for the invasion of this country, with complete maps of every probable battlefield in our own territory. This does not indicate that we are in danger of invasion, but merely that the staffs are doing their duty by the government which employs them."

The Maine statesman, thinks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "when army matters are being talked about, is apt to imagine vain things. . . . No man in the Senate sees ghosts in the middle of the day oftener than does Mr. Hale when any military question is up for discussion. Just because the enlargement of the army's medical department is being urged, he sees the man on horseback lurking in the shadow."

The only fault the Boston *Transcript* finds is that the plan of the Staff "became prematurely public." That is obviously bad, for "to campaign on a published plan is a good deal like searching for a burglar with a brass band." But when all is said and done, the officers were but doing their duty. To quote:

"They are in that case doing the work that was not done prior to the war with Spain, during the many months of pointed warning of the possibility of a conflict. The neglect then cost heavily in lives. It would be a crime if the United States were to engage in another campaign with a foreign foe in the same state of unpreparedness."



UNCLE SAM—"Why all this strutting?"

—May in the Detroit Journal.

MR. WU TING-FANG admits that China needs reforming. Several nations are standing around ready to take the job.—*The Washington Post*.

KAISER WILHELM objects to having Germany's fine old works of art carried off by the great American dollar. If the Kaiser makes that great art collector, J. Pierpont Morgan, mad, he may send his agents over and buy up the German Empire.—*The Atlanta Constitution*.

MR. BRYAN says China is deficient in harbors. We shall have to send over a few if the dry dock makes the trip successfully.—*The Chicago Daily News*.

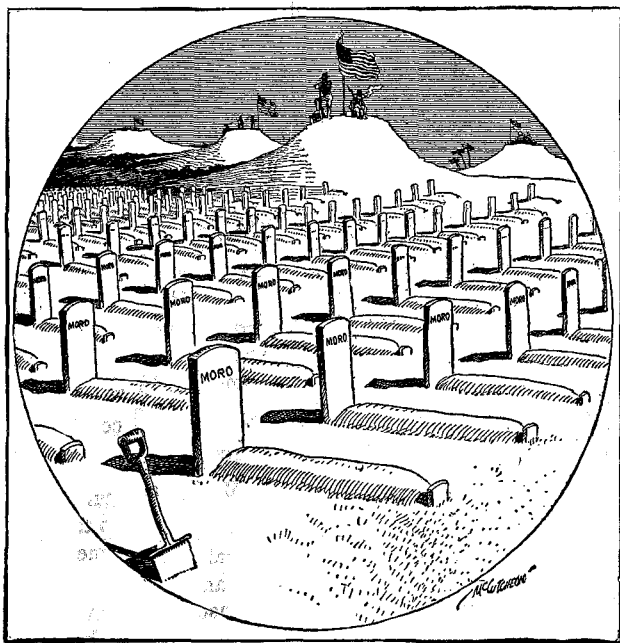
KILLING WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN JOLO.

NO one, to judge from the press comment, feels much elation over the mountain-top battle in the island of Jolo a few days ago, in which 600 Moro men, women, and children were killed by our troops under the command of Gen. Leonard Wood. The President, it is true, speaks of it as "a most gallant and soldierly feat," performed "in a way that confers added credit on the American army," and one that entitles the soldiers to "the heartiest admiration and praise of all those of their fellow-citizens who are glad to see the honor of the flag upheld by the courage of the men wearing the American uniform." His newspaper defenders, however, do not go further than to consider it a grim but necessary bit of police work. His critics take the other extreme. It was "a frightful atrocity," declares the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* (Dem.); and the Boston *Post* (Ind. Dem.) exclaims that if this is "imperial expansion," "heaven save us from any more!" A list of the papers that express their horror and disgust at this thoroughgoing victory would include practically every Democratic and antiimperialist paper in the United States. In Congress the Democrats have branded the affair as a "horrible massacre" and an "assassination," and Representative Williams read a satirical poem on "The Charge of the Wood Brigade," containing the following stanzas:

Chased them from everywhere
Chased them all onward,
Into the crater of death
Drove them—six hundred.
"Forward, the Wood Brigade;
Spare not a one," he said;
"Shoot all six hundred."

* * * * *
Flashed all the sabres there,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the women there,
Charging the children, while
All the world wondered,
Stified by cannons' smoke,
Men, women, children choke.
Women and children
Reel from the bayonet's stroke,
In death not sundered;
Families slaughtered there,
All of six hundred.

* * * * *
What shall such bloodthirst slake?
Go ask Hell Roaring Jake
Whether Wood blundered.
Honor the charge they made;
Honor the Wood Brigade,
For that six hundred.



The only Moros from whom we may expect no uprising.
—McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune.

The battle is represented by General Wood as merely the storming of a Moro bandits' nest in the crater of Mount Dajo, and the extermination of the bandits, who fought fanatically to the death.



THE "TAMED" GOAT.

—Rehse in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The crater was almost unassailable, and the artillery had to be hoisted by block and tackle up its well-nigh precipitous sides. The American forces lost 18 killed and 52 wounded, while the Moros lost 600 killed. General Wood says in a despatch to the Secretary of War:

"I was present throughout practically entire action and inspected top of crater after action was finished. Am convinced no man, woman, or child was wantonly killed. A considerable number of women and children were killed in the fight—number unknown, for the reason that they were actually in the works when assaulted, and were unavoidably killed in the fierce hand-to-hand fighting which took place in the narrow enclosed spaces. Moro women wore trousers and were dressed and armed much like the men and charged with them. The children were in many cases used by the men as shields while charging troops."

This explanation is accepted as valid by the expansionist press. The extermination of these outlaws "was a necessity, and, in the long run, it was humanity," declares the *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.), for "it was a question either of subjugating them or of enduring their savage attacks for an indefinite period." "If Aguinaldo himself were ruler of Jolo," says the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* (Rep.) to the antiimperialists, "he would be compelled to kill off these murdering Malays in order to protect peaceable people from their wild raids." And the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, one of the leading Democratic papers in the country, declares that "a band of outlaws in the mountains of Kentucky or of Colorado or of Tennessee would have had to contend with the agencies of law and order in the same way—resistance would have led in similar fashion to the shedding of blood." "Was there no possibility of forcing these Moros to surrender by starving them out?" asks one critic. To this the *New York Tribune* (Rep.) replies:

"Talk of starving them into submission and thus securing their capitulation simply indicates lack of understanding. The probability is that if Mount Dajo had been surrounded with an army of a hundred thousand men in unbroken ring, in an attempt to starve the outlaws into surrender, at the last moment the men would have come rushing from the crater to hurl themselves in fanatic fury against their besiegers, and the end would have been the same, excepting at much greater cost. On the other hand, the daring and extraordinary achievements of our troops in scaling those

heights which had been thought by the natives inaccessible, and in storming a stronghold which had been thought impregnable, must have a most valuable moral effect. The remaining outlaw bands will be panic-stricken when they hear of it, they will realize that there is no stronghold or retreat in which they will be secure, and that the new forces for law and order in the islands are irresistible."

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

MR. JEAN SARRIEN, the new French Premier, had much to do with procuring a "square deal" for Captain Dreyfus, and perhaps that is one reason the American press are inclined to look with favor upon him. Says the *New York World*:

"Mr. Jean Sarrien, to whom President Fallières has offered the Premiership, has remained a simple Deputy since the days of the Dreyfus agitation. It was he who as Minister of Justice instituted the proceedings in the Court of Cassation which led to the revision of the first trial of the condemned captain. The Dreyfus question brought disaster upon the Ministry, but the general verdict throughout the world ever since has been that Mr. Sarrien and his colleagues caused a frightful injustice to be righted in so far as Dreyfus was delivered from the horrors of Devil's Island."

The Louisville *Herald* expresses the same view in almost the same words.

Commenting upon the Cabinet, the *New York Sun* observes:

"The composition of the new cabinet shows that the Premier, keenly alive to the causes of Mr. Rouvier's defeat and to the exigencies of the political situation—the election of a new Chamber is to take place in April—has undertaken to conciliate and consolidate all the sections of the so-called 'bloc,' or coalition of Radicals and Socialists, which has dominated the French Parliament for the last eight years. It is significant that his choice of colleagues has been made at the suggestion, or with the approval, of Senator Clémenceau, who, altho ostensibly ruined by implication in the Panama scandal, has silently regained his influence and for some time has been regarded as the Warwick, or President-maker, of France, the real power behind the throne."

The press generally express particular satisfaction in the choice of Mr. Léon Bourgeois, who was Premier in 1895, for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, because, for one thing, he is satisfactory even to the extreme Radicals and Socialists who caused the downfall of Rouvier. Besides, as the Milwaukee *Sentinel* observes:

"The bestowal of the foreign portfolio on Mr. Léon Bourgeois

must be most acceptable to Germany, and has a distinctly conciliatory look. France will stand out for what she conceives to be her special rights in Morocco as a country adjoining a dependency of her own; but her temper is pacific, and there is reason to believe that the German Emperor, having accomplished his purpose in upsetting Mr. Delcassé, the chief author of the Anglo-French *entente* and of an anti-German trend of French foreign policy, has no relish for pushing to a dangerous extreme an adventure which is not, in Bismarck's phrase, 'worth the life of a single Pomeranian grenadier.'"

That the downfall of the Rouvier Ministry, because the French Chamber declined to give Mr. Rouvier a vote of thanks, will have no effect on the Algeciras Conference most papers are agreed, for the reason, the Philadelphia *Press* points out, that "the demonstration against Mr. Rouvier and his Ministry was purely domestic and was not directed in any way toward foreign politics." A mere incident, *The Press* calls it, "not a crisis." The *New York Tribune* expresses a fervent hope that hereafter the system of Waldeck-Rousseau, which worked against a change of Ministry every few weeks, will again prevail.

ANDREW HAMILTON'S APOLOGIA.

FOR the moment the recrudescence of Andrew Hamilton, his dramatic appearance before the Armstrong Insurance Committee, and his scathing denunciation of the New York Life trustees as "curs," are the chief topics of interest of the American press. Those trustees, thinks the *New York Times*, are left by Hamilton in "a distressing situation." There is nothing uncertain about Hamilton's language. He was indeed a lobbyist, he confesses, but the trustees knew that well enough when they passed upon his vouchers. To quote from his speech:

"They sat there weekly cashing the emoluments that came to them for the performance of their duty, with the vouchers there under their noses, and if they took them and looked at them, why then they approved what was done and I stand approved. If they did not take them and look at them then they deceived me into the assumption that they performed their duty and that they were satisfied with the manner and rendition of my accounts."

Never a dollar passed through his hands, he says, to which he did not put his "John Hancock" for all to see. If any adverse legislation was heard of, it was at once "Send for the Judge." The Judge proceeded to "agitate." Here is the "Judge's" own version:

"Why, if there was trouble and an agent would write from a far-off country and say, 'If this bill passes it is going to kill our business out here,' they would rush in, you know, to the President and say, 'Well, now, here is this agent's letter. For heaven's sake! we will lose all our business out there.'

"Well, send for the Judge."

"All right, the Judge will come."

"Sit down; well, what is the trouble?"

"Well, heavens! if this bill passes we might as well get out of that State."

"Well, all right. We will have to see what the objections are to it, and will have to agitate. We will have the press do something. We will have to have the politicians do something. We will have to have the policy-holders do something. We will get men of influence to go ahead and see if we can not beat it."

"And we would beat it. Then the word would come in, 'It is beaten. And they would come in and pat me on the back, the men that would not know me now would come and pat me on the back and say, 'You did it.'"

Willingly the "Judge" accepts his sobriquet of "yellow dog," but he would have us know "the 'yellow dog' is a dog of courage and loyalty." He went on:

"But the curs who stood around this funeral that has occurred, and the curs who knew of these transactions and shrunk into their shoes, they are the curs, and that is the reason that I come to



A WORD FROM THE WISE.

CZAR—"Gentlemen, I assure you war is—ahem! I know all about it!"
—Thorndike in the Philadelphia Press.

speak before you and say that the great interest of two billion dollars of life insurance and four hundred million dollars of assets can never be safely entrusted to the hands and administration of a lot of curs."

Truth, thinks the New York *Press*, "is written all over the statement Andy Hamilton made," and *The Press* already sees visions of Hamilton aiding District-Attorney Jerome and emerging from this business "with not less than the credit which is due to a State's witness." The Philadelphia *Ledger* and the New York *Globe*, both, think the trustees knew, "or ought to have known, how money collected from policy-holders was spent." The public has ceased to have confidence in them, adds *The Globe*. In any event, Hamilton's statement "insures the passage of the Armstrong bills," thinks the New York *World*. The strong opposition of the insurance people assembled in Albany previously made this doubtful.

In commenting upon Hamilton's apparent indifference to any obloquy attending lobbying as a profession, the New York *American* quotes his momentous definition of the "higher law." He said:

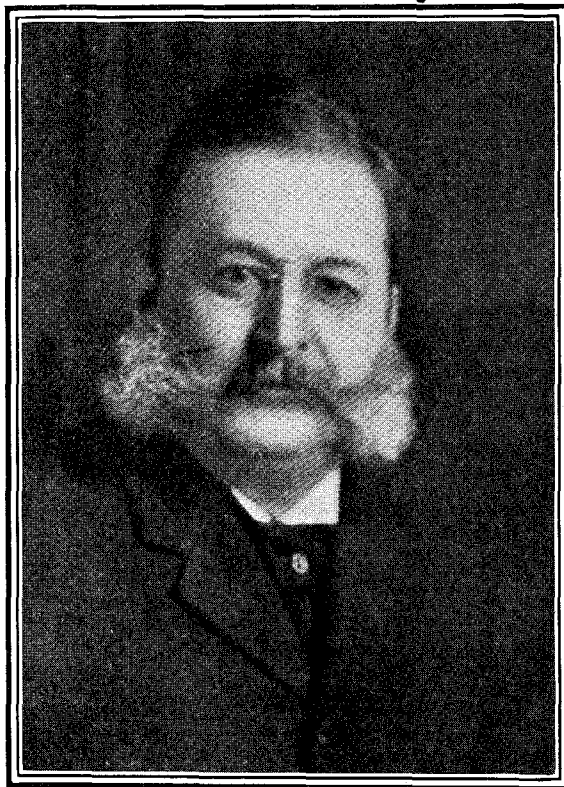
"The insurance world to-day is the greatest financial proposition in the United States. And it commands a higher law. In defending its rights and its property, you can not stop to kick every cur that comes along and barks; and if you can sweep them out in other, perhaps mysterious but honest, ways, you are defending and asserting the higher law which great enterprises have a right to command."

Hamilton has "spent so many years in a criminal atmosphere that he has lost memory of the existence of pure air," adds *The American*. And the New York *Evening Post* observes:

"Pretty words can not conceal the ugly deed. Not only insurance companies, but our public and semipublic corporations generally, have coolly assumed that they are amenable to a higher law than that which binds the rest of us puny beings. Hamilton has described the very things which our mighty and reckless captains of industry have been thinking and doing—and has done it with a naïveté which is as exquisite as convincing. His anger is directed not at the system of which he was a part, but at the men who have failed to stand by it, the poltroons who have shifted to his shoulders and those of the late John A. McCall the blame of his 'honest' and 'necessary' enterprises. He has played the game according to the rules, but they have stacked the cards, and 'welched' on their bets."

But what the New York *Herald* wants to know is, who got the

money? And *The Journal of Commerce* can not forget that "there are two sides to this matter of the secret and corrupt use of funds." Hamilton's chance, that paper points out, lies in "furnishing evidence against betrayers of public trust." The Brooklyn *Eagle* alone thinks what Hamilton said is "neither enlightening nor helpful." The trustees, thinks *The Eagle*, are bigger men



FREDERICK A. BURNHAM,

President of the Mutual Reserve, indicted as a result of the recent insurance investigations.

than Hamilton, and it is, after all, only "his word against theirs."

"Who will answer Hamilton and what will the answer be?" asks the Buffalo *Express*. William B. Hornblower, counsel for the New York Life, who was singled out for attack by Hamilton and by him called "Pecksniff," denies some of the charges, declaring that, for one thing, he knew nothing about a "yellow-dog" fund. Says the New York *Tribune*:

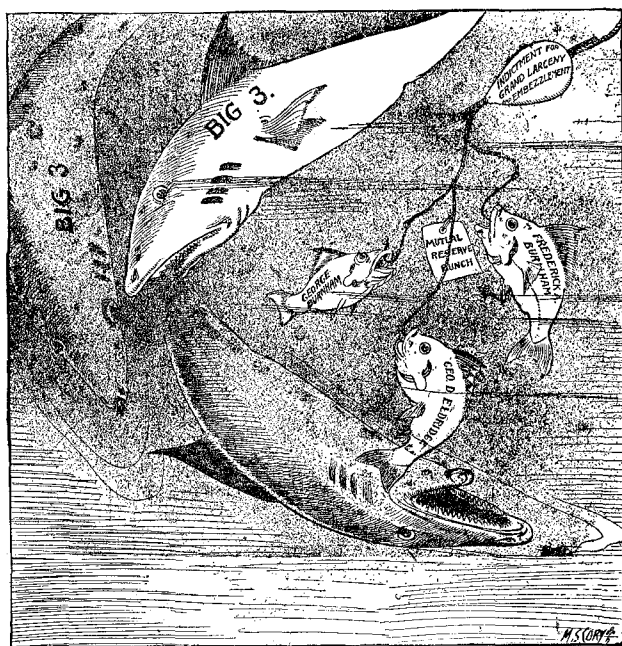
"Why should not Mr. Hornblower, who has an honorable reputation at the bar and in society and who must be burning to expose and punish a traducer, afford Hamilton an early opportunity to establish his charges in a court of law? Mr. Hornblower may think that he himself does not need a vindication. But that is not the only, nor, indeed, the most important thing to be considered."

The New York *World*, already quoted, makes this comment on Hamilton's outburst:

"He should continue with further chapters. The further service he can do is greater still. It is not right that of the twenty-four trustees of the New York Life the memory of the one who is dead should bear all the obloquy. The exposure of the methods of these men of high reputation, of great pretense, and of surpassing hypocrisy should be followed by individual punishment that will destroy the whole structure of high finance and do away with the false standards of morals and of public duty for which it is responsible."

"Put the stripes on them! And pass the Armstrong bills, that the system which made such crimes so easy shall cease to shame the State!"

In all this hubbub the insurance indictments are almost wholly lost sight of. And yet many papers are congratulating District-Attorney Jerome because of the indictments found against Frederick A. Burnham, president; George Burnham, Jr., his brother, and George D. Eldridge, vice-president, all of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company. The charge is diversion of funds. The District-Attorney is hoping to have still others indicted.



THE FIRST CATCH.

A good beginning, but all small fry.

—McCord in the Newark *Evening News*.



SURE, JUST THE PLACE FOR TAFT.

THE OTHER FELLOWS: "Go on, Taft, and take it. Just the place for you—so becoming. You'd look fine on the bench—sure, go on."

—Bartholomew in the *Minneapolis Journal*.



'TWOULD ELIMINATE A LARGE FACTOR.

—Shiras in the *Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

CONCERNING THE VERSATILE MR. TAFT.

THE WORTH OF A MAN'S WORK.

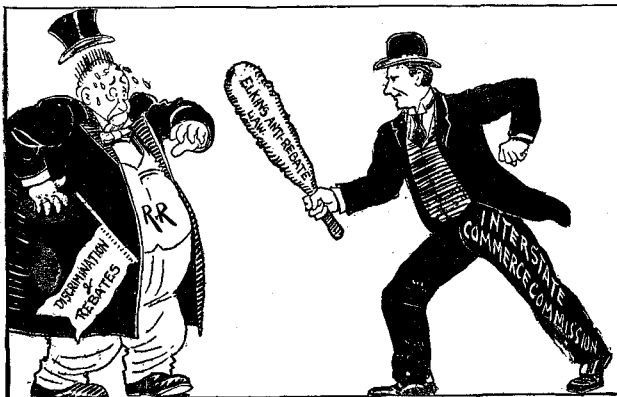
GOVERNOR JOHNSON, of Minnesota, holds that no man's work is worth more than \$10,000 a year. Recently President Eliot, of Harvard, also inveighed against high salaries. In an address delivered in Chicago, which *The Harvard Bulletin* reprints in full, President Eliot picks to pieces the arguments of great corporations who assert that the large salaries must be paid in order to get the right man. According to the stern view of the president of Harvard, a proper manager of a great concern must not be dominated by mercenary motives. Successful work, gratified ambition, the sense of power, should in themselves be a source of profound satisfaction to such a man. President Eliot allows him sufficient for comfort and provision against old age. But those tremendous salaries that go beyond that tend to distort a man's ideas on proper living and to raise his standard of pleasure, making him lazy and luxurious. Such salaries, moreover, stir the sense of injustice in the heart of the laboring man.

The laborer, thinks Mr. Eliot, "will never believe that any man can fairly earn such a salary." He will never admit "that the salary of a manager should be proportionate to the agglomerated bulk of the business he manages, while the workman's wages remain proportionate only to his own individual daily productive-

ness." In commenting on this the *New York Evening Post* observes:

"John Burns, ex-workingman, now Cabinet Minister, once contended publicly that no man's work is worth more than \$2,500 a year. Possibly he got the notion from the resolution, noted by Macaulay, which passed the House of Commons more than two centuries ago, to the effect that no Speaker (salary now £5,000) or other paid officer of the Government should receive more than £500. . . .

"This, to be sure, throws little light upon Burns's own question about the maximum value—if any can be fixed—of a man's work. We do not see how any hard-and-fast standard can be laid down. A lawyer, for example, may easily be conceived to render such important and even indispensable services to large property interests that a fee of \$100,000 or \$150,000 would not seem disproportionate. That, however, is different from a regular salary. It represents a special, emergency outlay, so far as the corporation that pays is concerned. The case is different, too, with promoters, with *entrepreneurs*, with the founders and developers of a new business. Their risks are great; their 'abstinence,' in the economic sense, is prolonged, and their rewards may be correspondingly large. But that is not the same thing as exorbitant 'wages of superintendence,' regularly 'paid. In them, as President Eliot points out, the tendency has been to gage salaries by the accumulated amount of wealth represented in the business managed."



THE ELKINS LAW IN ACTION, AS VIEWED BY THE RAILROAD SENATORS.



THE SAME, ACCORDING TO THE FRIENDS OF THE RATE BILL.

THE RATE REGULATION DEBATE BRINGS OUT A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

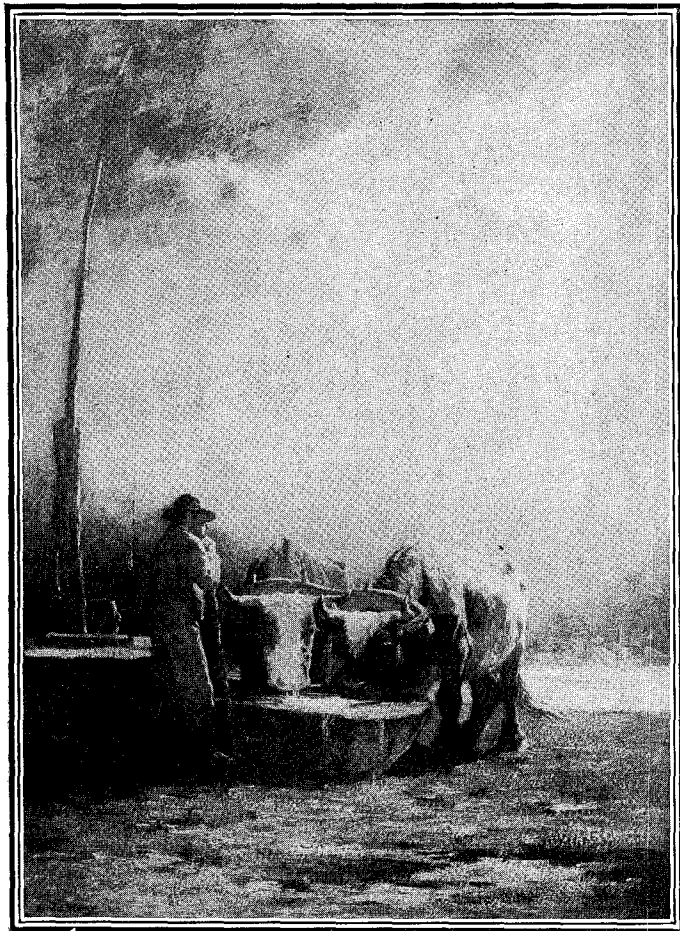
—Wilder in the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

LETTERS AND ART.

THE FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE IN AMERICAN ART.

SAMUEL ISHAM, in his recent "History of American Painting," makes the charge against our native art of being unrepresentative of native conditions. In the work of both our landscapists and our figure painters, he says, "the disposition is curiously small to do as Fromentin says they should—paint the portrait of the American people." Instead of this the mind of the American painter seems to be obsessed by the impulse to paint the foreign subject, or at least the native subject displaying the foreign air. To mention two examples, Robert Blum's subjects are chosen from every land except America; and Horatio Walker's, tho found in a land geographically American, are yet "scenes and effects which approach nearest to those admired and painted by French masters." Mr. Isham hazards the prediction that "in two or three centuries from now those curious to learn what manner of people lived at the beginning of the twentieth century can cull out from the art production of France, of Germany, or of England an infinity of pictures, many of high artistic merit, that will give to them the very age and body of the time. From America they will get hardly anything of the sort, at least in oil painting." Inquiring into this condition he says:

"It is strange that it should be so, for we do not lack the ability to see ourselves with sincerity and sympathy; the illustrators are there to prove it. They are not to be discussed in this volume, so



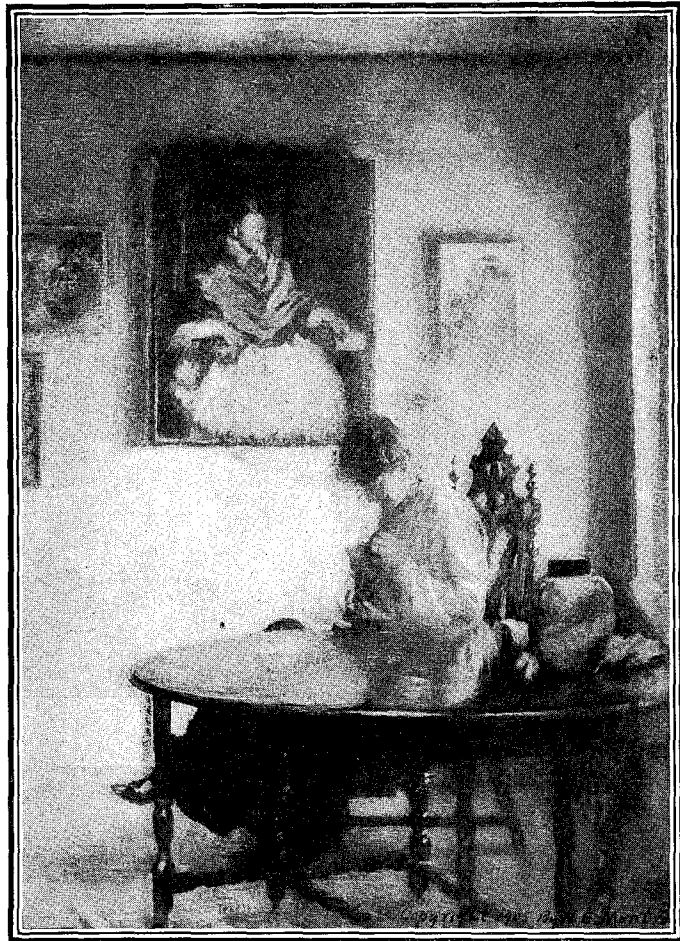
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OXEN DRINKING.

From a painting by Horatio Walker, who chooses, according to Mr. Isham, "scenes and effects which approach nearest to those admired and painted by French artists."

it must suffice to recall out of many names the wonderful rendering by Frost of our great democratic life on the farm, in the workshops, in the crowded quarters of our great cities, and in the raw

little towns of the Far West; Smedley's pictures of the wealthier classes, with the pretty girls sitting in the parlors in wonderful toilets, and the well-groomed old gentlemen in their offices or clubs. These things are not only true, but they are typical and illuminative; but no painter has worked with the more deliberate choice of subject and the ampler treatment that he should command to mirror our life to us more perfectly or more profoundly.



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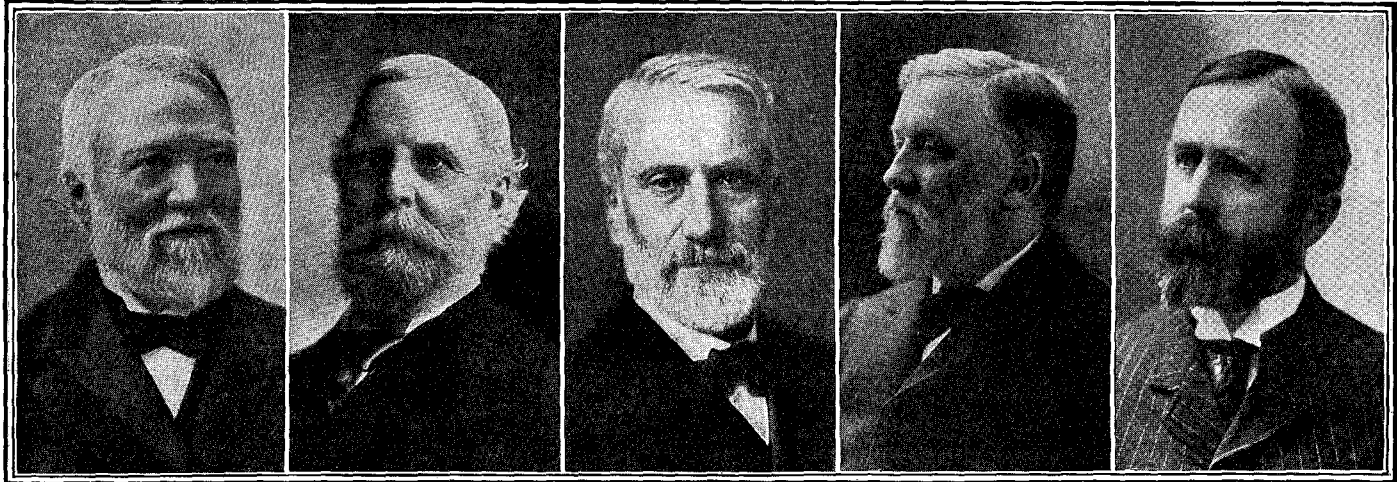
A GIRL CROCHETING.

By Edmund C. Tarbell. It "suggests Vermeer in its tranquillity and the beauty and perfection of its lighting," but "does not impress us at all as holding within itself an epitome of the home life of its time."

No one has painted the political or financial or social habits of today. It is not at once clear why this should be so.

"For this there may be suggested a number of contributing causes. One is the transitory and trivial character of the setting of our social life. This does not refer so much to the vagaries of dress, which is on the whole one of the most satisfactory artistic factors in our modern life, as to the mass of accessories with which our existence is cluttered up—furniture and bric-à-brac, wall-papers and carpets. Every detail is usually inartistic in itself and almost certainly incongruous in its surroundings, and all avow their unsatisfactory character by shifting and changing more swiftly than even the styles in dresses. All this has at times been painted, but such a task was distasteful to the younger men. They had for the most part learned during their studies abroad to dislike the average American furnishings. They avoided them in their own surroundings as well as they could and did not much care to elaborate them in their pictures. When draftsmen like Smedley left illustrating for work in oil it was to portraiture and landscape that they turned, and Tarbell's 'Crocheting,' which suggests Vermeer in its tranquillity and the beauty and perfection of its lighting, does not impress us at all as holding within itself an epitome of the home life of its time as the works of the Dutch masters do."

With the painters of landscape, says the writer, the aim has been to make a thing of beauty rather than to give the "true truth." And because this choice of the artist has been met by the ap-



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE,
Who guarantees \$15,000 annually
to the finances of the Simplified-
spelling Board.

MR. LYMAN J. GAGE,
Ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

DR. ISAAC K. FUNK,
Editor and publisher of the
Standard Dictionary and
member of the Executive
Committee of the Board.

PROF. T. R. LOUNSBURY,
Of Yale University, whose writ-
ings have done much to awaken
a popular interest in philology.

DR. BENJAMIN E. SMITH,
Editor of the Century
Dictionary.

SOME OF THE MEN WHO

proval of the patron, a tendency detrimental to American art has more or less persisted.

Mr. Isham does not claim that there is an utter absence of realistic painting, for here and there may be mentioned a name that represents efforts toward supplying what in the generality is wanting. J. G. Brown, Winslow Homer, and Eastman Johnson painted the daily life of the seventies, "not unacceptably." Ulrich's "Glass-Blowers" and "Land of Promise" are achievements in still higher vein. Irving Couse and De Cost Smith have told the story of the red man; Schreyvogel, the cavalryman; and Fred-eric Remington has been "the authoritative chronicler of the whole Western land from Assiniboine to Mexico, and of all men and beasts dwelling therein." America, he thinks, might have had in Thomas Hovenden, but for his untimely death, "the recorder of the simpler, wider side of our common life."

CARNEGIE'S CAMPAIGN TO SIMPLIFY ENGLISH SPELLING.

TO change the usages of some hundred and fifty million of English-speaking people, remarks the Philadelphia *Tele-graph*, is what President Lincoln would call "a big job," and Mr. Carnegie's simplifiers will need to exercise much patience before they see the end of it. This probably represents the prevailing attitude of the newspapers toward the aims of the recently organized body known as The Simplified-spelling Board, which is embarked upon an active propaganda for the simplification of English spelling. And the sympathy or hostility of the daily press, which carries directly to the masses of the people, is presumably of greater immediate importance to the movement than the attitude of the literary magazines and reviews. The new board, we learn from the press despatches, contains some of the most prominent figures among America's educationalists, men of affairs, philologists, and authors, and has, moreover, the financial backing of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has long held the conviction that English, which is spreading with more rapidity than any other tongue, might be made the world language were it not for its difficult and contradictory spelling.

Years ago the National Educational Association adopted simplified forms of spelling for certain words, and these forms are now used by some important publications, while hundreds of prominent men have pledged themselves to use them in their personal correspondence. The members of the board, says the Hart-

ford *Courant*, believe that the time is ripe for a forward movement. The same paper continues:

"We are told that they will not advocate change merely for the sake of change; that they will not urge any 'violent alteration' in the appearance of familiar words; no extreme theories will be advanced; they are willing to make haste slowly, believing that the prejudice in favor of the present 'cumbersome orthography' will gradually be overcome. They wish to hasten a process of simplification which has, as a matter of fact, been going on for years. Formerly almanac was almanack and music was musick. Many people now use technic instead of technique, program for programme, catalog for catalogue, and tho for though. The board will try, through organized effort, to make English a better instrument for the hundreds of millions who will have to use our language before the end of the twentieth century."

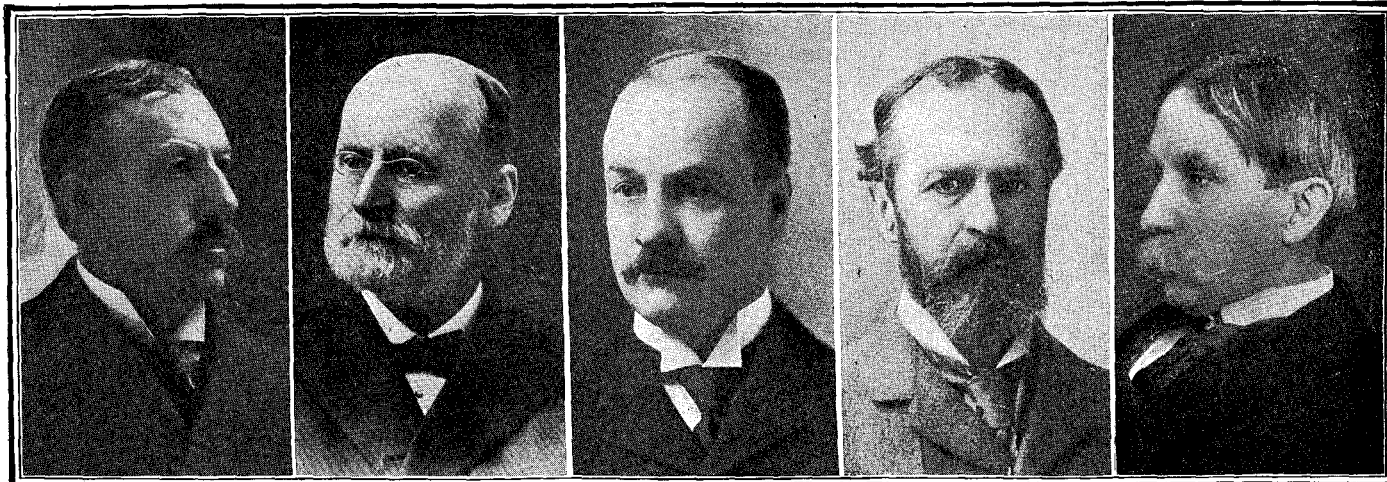
No one, as the New York *Times* remarks, can read the names of the thirty members of The Simplified-spelling Board, as printed at the close of this article, without being convinced that Mr. Carnegie has sought and found good advisers. While many people, it goes on to say, are instinctively and strongly opposed to any except the slow and inevitable changes in the spelling of English, "the fact remains that the logic of every argument against spelling reform is extremely weak, and in the last analysis every one of them comes down to a mere liking for the familiar and the old." The plan outlined by the board, says the same paper, "is entirely practicable, tho perhaps unnecessarily cautious."

The board, as the New York *Evening Mail* points out, is not composed of extremists. "University presidents, dictionary editors, editors of magazines, and bank presidents are not usually advocates of fantastic plans for disturbing people's habits." The *Mail* adds:

"It is not an extreme estimate to say that the greater difficulty of spelling the English language, as compared with German, Italian, or Spanish, represents a solid year's work in the case of the average child. A year's work, in the precious formative period of every American and every Briton, simply to maintain a foolish scheme of orthographical complication!"

In this connection "The Calf-path," a poem by Sam Walter Foss, printed on page 462 of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, has point and pertinence.

The Baltimore *American* thinks that "Mr. Carnegie has probably struck a snag in his latest endeavor." "Only simple people," says the Boston *Transcript*, "suppose that English spelling can be simplified without the overcoming of immense opposition. Every library, every publishing-house, is a vested interest, with capital locked up in our present archaic orthography." The



DAVID STARR JORDAN,
President of Leland Stanford
University.

DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
Editor of Webster's Inter-
national Dictionary.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
President of Columbia Uni-
versity.

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES,
Of Harvard University,
one of the most eminent
living psychologists.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
Editor of *The Century Mag-
azine*.

WOULD SIMPLIFY OUR SPELLING.

Philadelphia *Record* is staggered by the thought of "the herculean task of bringing a slight degree of order into the chaos of English spelling." The New York *Evening Post* thinks that The Simplified-spelling Board has undertaken "a task of almost impossible difficulty," and it goes on to say:

"Any reform must reckon with the offense to the eye of every reader who knows the language as literature. Any effective reform of English spelling will involve a complete break with history, etymology, and all the cherished habits of the reading eye. We fear that even Mr. Carnegie, with all of his heroes and all of his learned men, will hardly be able to set our orthographical Humpty Dumpty up again."

Prof. Brander Matthews, chairman of the Executive Committee, is reported as saying: "The first aim will be to create such chaos that everybody will spell to suit himself; after that point has

Dime Savings Institution, treasurer; Dr. Isaac K. Funk, editor and publisher of the Standard Dictionary; Mr. Henry Holt, publisher; and Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of *The Independent*. The other members of the board are:

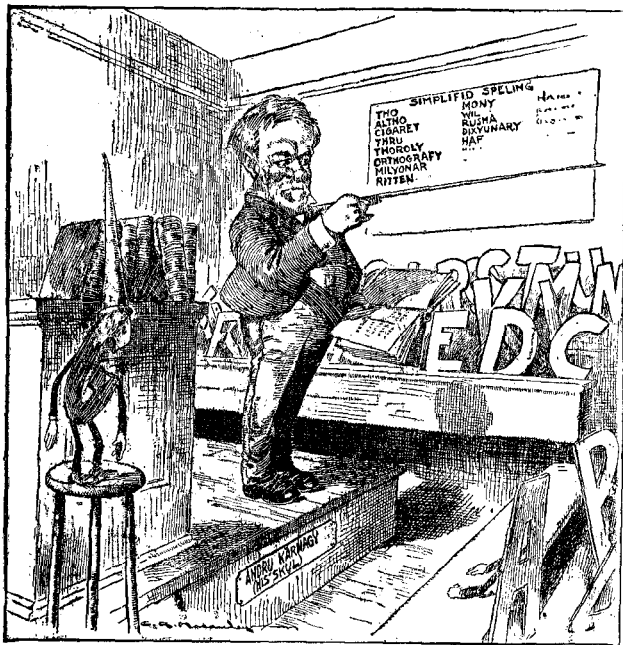
Chancellor Andrews, of the University of Nebraska; Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court; President Butler, of Columbia University; B. C. Blackmer; Andrew Carnegie; S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain); Dr. Melvil Dewey; Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century Magazine*; Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education and editor of Webster's International Dictionary; Prof. George Hempl, of the University of Michigan; Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Prof. William James, of Harvard; President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University; Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale; Prof. Francis A. March, of Lafayette; Judge Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court, California; Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, editor of the Century Dictionary; President H. H. Seerley, of the Iowa State Normal School, Cedar Falls; Prof. Calvin Thomas, of Columbia; E. O. Vaile, lately editor of *Intelligence*; and President Woodward, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

A STUDY OF NERO'S ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

WHEN it was first made known that Nero, the Roman tyrant and "homicidal lunatic" (to use the phrase of one critic), had been chosen by Mr. Stephen Phillips as the subject of a poetic drama, much doubt was felt as to the artistic propriety of the selection. Could anything be done with that strange character? Was there any psychological or dramatic value in such a subject? Now that the play has been produced, the critics agree that a magnificent spectacle has been provided. But is it also a drama? they ask. And is the poetry genuine, spontaneous, sincere? Mr. Walkley, of the London *Times*, gives the most favorable answer. He writes:

"It is a play, because it shows a will conflict—the struggle between Nero and Agrippina, between natural affection and lust for power—but it is even more a spectacle, illustrating polychromatically the successive stages of Nero's madness. It has fine poetic passages—appropriately 'purple'—as we shall see; it has vivid studies of bed-rock character and fierce elemental passions. It blends the fragrance of rose-leaves with the scent of blood. It sates the eye with splendid pictures and the ear with voluptuous music of both verse and orchestra. At the end of it all one gasps and is a little dizzy. In short, a tremendous production."

The course of the play is summarized as follows in the reviews: The play opens with a picture in the palace of the Cæsars.



THE NEW TEACHER.

—Macauley in the New York World.

been reached reform will be an easy task. Every one will be at sea and will gladly accept a simplified and improved system."

The Executive Committee of the board is composed as follows: Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, chairman; Dr. Charles P. G. Scott, etymological editor of the Century Dictionary, secretary; Col. Charles E. Sprague, president of the Union

Claudius has just died, poisoned by Agrippina, who wishes to place her darling child, Nero, on the throne. She is consulting an astrologer, who predicts that Nero will reign, but, also, that he will murder his mother, to which latter dire prophecy Agrippina is indifferent. Nero's tutor, Seneca, enters and describes his pupil as follows, this being the key-note of the whole play:

Suppose this esthete made omnipotent,
Feeling there is no bar he can not break
Knowing there is no bound he can not pass:
Might he not then despise the written page,
A petty music, and a puny scene?
Conceive a spectacle not witnessed yet!
When he, an artist in omnipotence,
Uses for color this red blood of ours,
Composes music out of dreadful cries,
His orchestra our human agonies,
His rhythms, lamentations of the ruined,
His poet's fire, not circumscribed by words,
But now translated into burning cities:
His scenes the lives of men, their deaths a drama,
His dream the desolation of mankind,
And all this pulsing world his theater!

Nero returns from a chariot race, learns of the event which has paved the way for him, and is proclaimed emperor. He remains perfectly calm, because, as he says, he is first of all an artist. However, he declares that he will rule the world justly and peacefully with his mother's guidance. He is lulled to sleep and is terrified by a vision of his predecessors, the four Cæsars.

Five years pass. The dreamy, well-meaning boy of eighteen has become a cruel tyrant. But he cares nothing for affairs of state; he is still an artist, a singer, an actor, ambitious to write a play—if there were even a single critic competent to judge a work of his—and a poet. He is in love with the beautiful wife of one of his officers, and his passion for this charmer, Poppæa, is encouraged by Agrippina.

Nero quarrels with his mother and talks of sending her into exile. She denounces him as an ingrate and incompetent, and threatens to appeal to the army in favor of her step-son Britannicus. Nero and his servile companions are alarmed at this, and profess to regret their plot against Agrippina. Britannicus is poisoned at a banquet.

After this murder, Agrippina's death is decided upon. She is to be "artistically" drowned. The scheme fails, however, and Agrippina is saved almost miraculously. Another plot is laid, and Agrippina is assassinated at her villa.

A year passes, and we witness the final act of the play. Poppæa is dying. She refuses to embrace Christianity. Nero arrives, too late to see her alive. But it is Agrippina, not Poppæa, who is causing him mental anguish. She "rages unappeased" in her eternal sleep, and cries for vengeance. Nero is dejected; his "inspiration" is giving out; he can not even finish an ode. Suppose his singing voice should also fail! That would be the greatest of all calamities. Better were it to die—"and what an artist perishes in me!"

News is then brought that Rome is burning. "Let it burn!" exclaims Nero; the fire shall purify him. He watches the flames, and pours out broken verses on their "splendid devastation." Working himself up into a frenzy, he swoons, and the play comes to an end, Nero's death not being shown.

To quote another passage from Mr. Walkley's review:

"This is the play of the artistic temperament 'thinking imperially' in a rushing *crescendo* up to the wild ravings of megalomania. Its hero is Nero, the esthete, the 'artist in omnipotence,' who uses human gore for his pigment and for his canvas the world. To speak more colloquially, he is the debauchee who paints the town red, not for the sake of debauch, but to gratify his taste for vivid color. A gaudy taste is Nero's—he plans a city built of gold, and surveys the universe through an emerald eye-glass—a gaudy taste like that of a later 'imperial thinker,' another artist in affairs of state in early Victorian days. . . . This, then, is the play of Nero Neronizing—singing in the theater, composing odes, riding in chariot races, bidding the thunder be silent when he improvises a verse, murdering his enemies with an artist's loving care for the *mise-en-scène*, praising even the loathed Christians because they have imagination to conceive the moon turned to blood, finally chanting in frenzied raptures over the gorgeous spectacle of Rome in flames."

The critic of *The Westminster Gazette* says that it would be

fair to describe "Nero" as a lurid melodrama of little worth, were it not for the fact that "most of the dialogue is in admirable verse and some passages are beautiful poetry," and for the additional fact that the development of character in the hero is actually shown by the author's grouping of scenes and situations. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is even less favorable. "From the point of view of narrative," it finds, "'Nero' is no more than a hand-to-mouth melodrama, published in an *édition de luxe*," while the verse is studied, not spontaneous. *The Saturday Review* is extremely severe, seeing neither beauty, truth, nor real force in the work, which is "big," but not great or stirring.

Mr. J. Slingsby Roberts, writing in *The Fortnightly Review*, enlarges upon the difficulty of the subject from a dramatic point of view. He says in part:

"If we follow the unanimous tradition of antiquity we are, at least in the latter part of his life, in presence of a dangerous madman. And if the play is to be a tragedy, the action must consist in the main of his decline and fall. Now the downward progress of a self-indulgent maniac into criminal lunacy is a highly interesting theme, but not well adapted to development on the stage. In the first place, the descent must either be too rapid to convince or too slow to thrill us. Moreover, long before it is complete, our hero will have forfeited any possible sympathy. Nero's earlier crimes, his murder of Britannicus, still more of his wife and mother, are awkward; those of his later career are impossible. And, if Nero is to be the central figure, the tragedy must include these, and can only end after his death. Now the account of his last hours in Suetonius is highly dramatic, but makes his position as hero more untenable than ever. He displays the one fault which no audience in any age can forgive, an egregious lack of physical courage. It may be demonic to put one's kinsfolk to death and set one's capital on fire; it is only ridiculous to run away."

Discouraging the Demand for Fiction.—Every year the reports of the public libraries, here and in England, reveal the vast preponderance of novels over books of all other descriptions issued by these institutions—a fact which has led somebody to declare that fiction is rapidly becoming the Aaron's rod of literature, and swallowing all its competitors. W. H. Harwood, writing in *The Westminster Review*, deplors the fact that in English literature "all that is most worth encouragement is being rapidly overlaid and smothered by the constantly accumulating drift of a flood of fiction which, while it includes some books not unworthy of the high traditions of the past, comprises many more whose main characteristics are unutterable dullness and inanity, unhealthy sensationalism, impossible adventure, disgusting animalism, and preposterous absurdity."

The public library at Washington, it appears, has resorted to a simple device to correct, to some extent at least, the over-demand for such fiction and the neglect of other forms of literature. This device is the use of open shelf room to invite attention to the more wholesome kinds of reading. To quote from *Collier's Weekly*:

"Too commonly what meets the eye most promptly in a library or reading-room is the latest novel. The Washington library, during 1905, reduced the open shelf space devoted to fiction by about one-half, with a corresponding increase of works of more serious interest, which thus have the advantage of being reached without writing slips or looking in a catalog. History and travel were put upon the open shelves in December, 1904, and the circulation of such volumes had almost doubled by October, 1905. Another admirable step is the removal of restrictions on the number of volumes to be taken at one time, provided those volumes belong to some other class than fiction."

It is reported that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has paid Lord Rosebery \$50,000 for his collection of manuscripts of the poet Robert Burns. In this collection is the original manuscript of "Auld Lang Syne."

It is now authoritatively announced that the philosophical works "Sturmsee" and "Calmire," which have run anonymously through several editions, are from the pen of a well-known publisher, Mr. Henry Holt.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

RISE OF THE ARTIFICIAL SILK INDUSTRY.

ABOUT 14,000 pounds—seven tons—of artificial silk are now being made daily at factories in nearly all the countries of the civilized world. The meteoric rise of this industry, which has been in existence for only a few years, is most interesting and significant. New methods and processes are constantly being devised, but all of them have as a basis the solution of cellulose or vegetable fiber to form a thick, ropy liquid, which may be drawn out into fine threads and dried. An article on the subject is contributed by Mr. I. Derome to the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris). Says this writer:

"All the varieties of artificial silk found in industry are based on cellulose; we may regard them as pure cellulose that has acquired the superficial luster of natural silk. The various patents granted recently may be referred to four principal types:

"(1) Artificial silks derived from nitrocellulose or guncotton (Chardonnet silks);

"(2) Hydrate-of-copper silks, made with cellulose dissolved in Schweitzer's liquid or copper ammonia (Glanzstoff);

"(3) Chlorid-of-zinc silks, made with cellulose dissolved in zinc chlorid (second-grade Glanzstoff silks);

"(4) Viscose silks, obtained by the decomposition of sulfocarbonate of cellulose."

Going on to describe these various processes, the writer tells us that the Chardonnet silks are practically nothing but collodion, or guncotton (nitrocellulose), dissolved in an appropriate liquid (a mixture of alcohol and ether, for instance) and then denitrated. This latter process, which turns the dissolved guncotton back into ordinary cellulose by removing the nitric acid, is most important, as no one is anxious to wear explosive or inflammable clothing. The direct solution of cellulose, as in the second and third varieties noted above, was only utilized for the production of artificial silk in 1890, tho it had long been familiar. In these, as in the guncotton method, the resulting solution must, of course, be forced through tiny apertures to form it into filaments fit for spinning. Solutions of unnitrated cellulose must be kept cool; for warmth quickly causes their decomposition, and thus destroys their ability to be drawn out into fibers. The fourth type of artificial silk is that made from so-called "viscose," a substance discovered in 1892 by Cross and Bevan, and prepared by the action of sulfid of carbon on alkali-cellulose. The latter substance is made by treating paper pulp or mercerized cotton with caustic soda. Chemically, the resulting substance is properly known as an "alkaline xanthate of cellulose." It must pass through numerous processes to render it fit for spinning and for bringing it back afterward to the state of pure cellulose. Viscose is used not only to make artificial silk, but to treat linen and cotton fibers, on which it produces an effect similar to "mercerization." None of these silks are more than half as strong as real raw silk. A table prepared by Haller, a French expert, gives the following figures:

	Absolute strength in kilogrammes per milli- meter of diameter.	
	Dry thread	Moist thread
Natural raw silk	50.4	40.9
Natural silk, boiled	25.5	13.6
French natural silk, colored blue black and loaded to 11.0 per cent.	12.0	8.0
Chardonnet artificial silk.....	14.7	1.7
Lehner artificial silk	17.1	4.3
Pauly (copper hydrate) silk	19.1	3.2
Viscose silk	11.4	3.5
New viscose	21.5	3.5
Ordinary cotton thread.....	11.5	13.6

The writer goes on to say:

"We see that the artificial products lose when wet a notable part of their strength, and this fact has hitherto prevented their use in the manufacture of articles likely to be exposed to dampness. But the Chardonnet silks, and those made of viscose, can

stand boiling in alkaline solutions and the action of chlorin; they have a fine luster and are easily woven.

"It is doubtless, however, the low price of the artificial silks that has made them commercially successful. Artificial silk is worth 30 to 40 francs per kilogram [\$3 to \$4 a pound], while natural silk sells for 70 to 100 francs [\$7 to \$10 a pound]. The net cost of Chardonnet silk is about 15 francs per kilogram [\$1.50 a pound]; that of copper-hydrate silk is 30 per cent. lower than this, and it costs only 7 to 10 francs to produce a kilogram of viscose silk [70 cents to \$1 a pound].

"Nitrocellulose (Chardonnet) silk is made in France, England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Hungary; and factories are being started in Mexico, Wales, Russia, and Spain. . . . Cupro-ammoniac silk is made in Germany, Belgium, and France, and a factory is being erected at Padua, Italy. Finally, viscose silk is prepared in Germany, in the United States (at Philadelphia), and in France; and it is announced that numerous other factories are in course of establishment.

"It seems that the viscose silk has several advantages over the others—greater tenacity, more luster, complete insolubility in water, acids, and alkalis, and especially low cost of production. Of course we must wait for some time before we can pronounce with certainty on the value of the different processes. Experiments are being made on all sides, and especially on mixtures of artificial and natural silks.

"However this may be, there is not yet any real competition between the various methods. The present production of artificial silk is only about 5 per cent. of the total consumption of silk . . . and the reports of the various companies state that everywhere the demand exceeds the supply. The rise of this young industry has been so rapid that the producers of natural silk are disturbed, in Italy several chambers of commerce have memorialized the Government on the subject. . . . But nothing can stop scientific and industrial evolution, and brilliant silk will be made more and more out of common cotton—or, better still, with the fibers of forest trees."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

EXCESSIVE SUNLIGHT AS A CAUSE OF CANCER.

THE work of Dr. Woodruff on the injurious effects of excessive sunlight have already been noticed in these pages. According to an editorial writer in *The Medical Record* (New York, March 3), the possibility that these effects may include the production of cancer is now attracting notice, attention having been directed to this possibility by the action of the x-ray in the same direction. In Dr. Allen's work on radiotherapy, the brown pigmented spots noticed as a sequel of sunburn bear a close relation to cancer, and this author believes that "the relatively great frequency of epithelioma upon the face may well be attributed, at least in part, to the irritative agency of chemical rays." In a paper by James Nevins Hyde on "The Influence of Light in the Production of Cancer of the Skin" (*American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, January), the same view is taken and it is thought that the cells of the skin are stimulated by the inconceivably rapid velocities of the actinic rays to the abnormal multiplication constituting cancer. Says the writer of the editorial above referred to:

"The relative freedom of colored races (absolute absence of cancer in Tunis and rarity in Algiers) finds a natural explanation in the protection furnished by the colored skins."

The conclusions reached by Dr. Hyde are that the skin of the human body, in a certain proportion of individuals, is abnormally sensitive to the action of the actinic rays of the spectrum, the result being the production of a number of diseased conditions, of which cancer is one. Most of these occur in adults much more frequently than in childhood, reaction to the play of actinic rays of light upon the surface being chiefly determined after the middle periods of life. Not only does pigmentation of the skin in the colored races seem to furnish relative immunity against cancerosis of that organ, but these races apparently suffer also less than the

whites from cancer of other organs than the skin. The writer goes on to say:

"It will be remembered that Loeffler, observing that cancer was infrequent in the tropics, where malaria was rife, offered the suggestion that there might be a natural antagonism in these two diseases which could possibly be turned to account therapeutically. Hyde's study would appear to show that the rarity of cancer in the tropics is due merely to the protection against the solar rays offered by the pigment in the dark-skinned races and has no relation whatever to the prevalence of malaria. The observation adds another argument to Woodruff's contention that blond men have no business in the tropics and that if they go there to reside they do so at their peril."

MODERN DEVICES IN OLDEN DAYS.

MANY of the mechanical inventions that are usually considered particularly characteristic of the present age were devised centuries ago. Ingenious mechanics were often employed by princes to devise engines of war, and many of these have left notes and sketches showing the germs of inventions which did not attain full development and practical application until after they had been laboriously reinvented in modern times. An interesting collection of these is described and pictured by a contributor to *Gartenlaube*, whose article is translated for *The Scientific American Supplement* (February 17). Says this writer:



FIG. 1.—MAGIC LANTERN INVENTED BY JOHANNES DE FONTANA, ABOUT 1420.

"The magic lantern, the progenitor of modern optical projection apparatus, was described and illustrated by Johannes de Fontana in 1420 (Fig. 1). It was devised for military purposes, the idea being to project at night horrible pictures which would throw the enemy's outposts into panic. . . . The invention of the magic lantern is commonly attributed to the Jesuit monk Kircher, of Fulda, and the date ascribed to the invention is 1671, two

hundred and fifty years after this drawing was made.

"Fontana's lantern, furthermore, has a glass cylinder, identical in principle with the modern glass lamp chimney, which is generally supposed to have been invented by Quinquet in 1756. Leonardo da Vinci, the eminent artist and scientist, was evidently familiar with the glass chimney, for it appears in a design for a lamp drawn by him in 1500 (Fig. 2). This design also includes a hollow lens, filled with water to increase the intensity of the light in one direction.

"Leonardo da Vinci, who suggested the mechanical application of the elastic force of steam, also invented a spit turned by a screw propeller driven by the upward current of hot air caused by the fire (Fig. 3). . . . Fig. 4 shows the parachute which Leonardo invented in 1514 and which was destined to be brought forward as a new invention by Le Normand in 1783. In connection with this drawing Leonardo writes, 'Any person who possesses a stiff canvas tent of twelve ells height and breadth may let himself fall from any height, no matter how great, without fear of injury.'"

Diving and swimming apparatus, we are told, occupy much space in many of the ancient illustrated manuscripts. Fig. 5, from a comparatively modern work by Ludwig von Eybe zum Hartenstein, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, shows a leather

diving-dress with goggles and air tube, weighted shoes, and a pole ladder on which to descend into the water. The idea of the diving-bell is also very old. In a manuscript of the "Romance of Alexander," in the royal cabinet of engravings in Berlin, is a curious painting in miniature of Alexander the Great in a glass barrel which has been lowered into the sea by ropes, from a ship. To quote further:



FIG. 2.—LAMP WITH GLASS CHIMNEY, 1500.

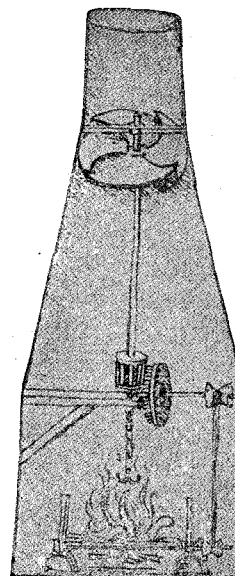


FIG. 3.—SPIT TURNED BY HOT AIR, 1500.

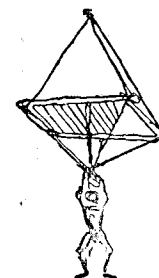


FIG. 4.—LEONARDO DA VINCI'S PARACHUTE, 1514.

boat as a war-vessel employed by the Catalonians and carrying twenty-four men, tho only two men are shown in the picture. In a sea fight such a vessel would appear to be more manageable than a galley with its many long oars.

"The turbine or screw propeller was also invented long ago, not as a means of propulsion for boats, but as an improvement on the unwieldy mill-wheel of the ordinary type. Its invention dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century and is ascribed, very strangely, to 'a pope of Rome.' The name of this wearer of the tiara is not definitely known. Fig. 8, a reproduction of a drawing made about 1575, shows, in the lower left-hand corner, the peculiar form of turbine which Poncelet reinvented in 1826.

"These old mechanics devote a very large amount of space to pictures of cannon. In one of the oldest illustrated manuscripts on the art of war of which we have any knowledge, written about 1380, we find a revolving cannon, an invention which is usually supposed to have been first made by Gatling in 1861. In 1405 we find the word 'revolver' applied to such a weapon by a German military engineer, so that

not even the name is of American origin, altho the American Colt, in 1851, was the first to manufacture revolvers on a commercial scale. The same desire to fire a number of shots, in rapid succession, from the same point, in order to overwhelm the enemy

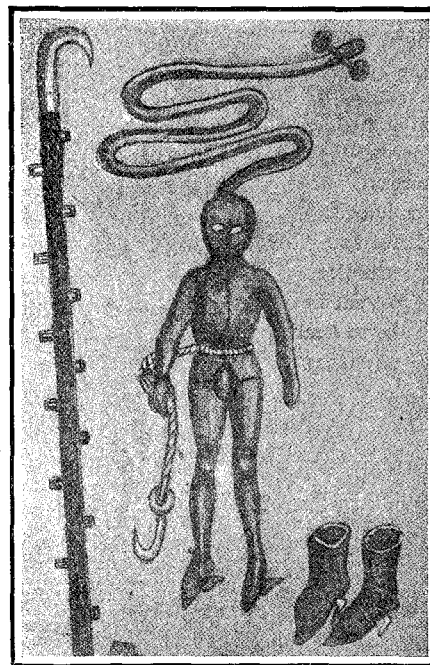


FIG. 5.—DIVING DRESS, 1500.

—for in those days each loading occupied fully half an hour —suggested the rapid-fire and 'organ' guns shown in . . . a manuscript of the same date (1350).

"Finally, not even the guillotine is the invention of the man whose name it bears. In Germany, during the Middle Ages, it was well known by the name of the 'French trap,' and Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, lost his head by it as far back as 1268. . . . A drawing made in 1539 by the elder Lucas Cranach represents the martyrdom of the twelve apostles and shows St. Matthew with his neck under the ax! The artists of those old days introduced contemporary costumes and accessories in their pictures of Biblical and historical scenes. After this period the guillotine fell into oblivion, where it remained until October 10,



FIG. 6—THE DIVING BARREL OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
From a miniature made about 1320.

1789, when the wholesale slaughter of the French Revolution led the physician Ramon Guillotin to suggest the employment of a mechanical ax. Guillotin's machine, to which his name was first given in a satirical ballad, entered upon the performance of its gruesome task on April 25, 1792."

MICROSCOPE AND HYPERMICROSCOPE.

OUR powers of observing the infinitely little have much increased of late. The newly invented "hypermicroscope," for instance, enables us to "see" objects a thousand times smaller than any hitherto rendered visible by the most powerful microscope, measuring not much more than a ten-millionth of an inch. Or at least it enables us to observe such objects through the sense of sight, in the same way in which we see a fixed star, by emitted

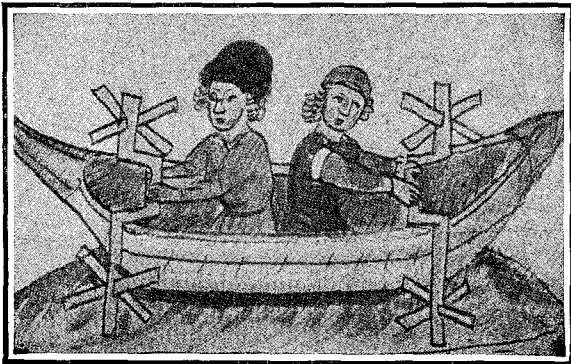


FIG. 7.—PADDLE-WHEEL BOAT, 1430.

or reflected light alone. This new instrument and its mode of operation are described by Jean Lafitte in *La Nature* (Paris,

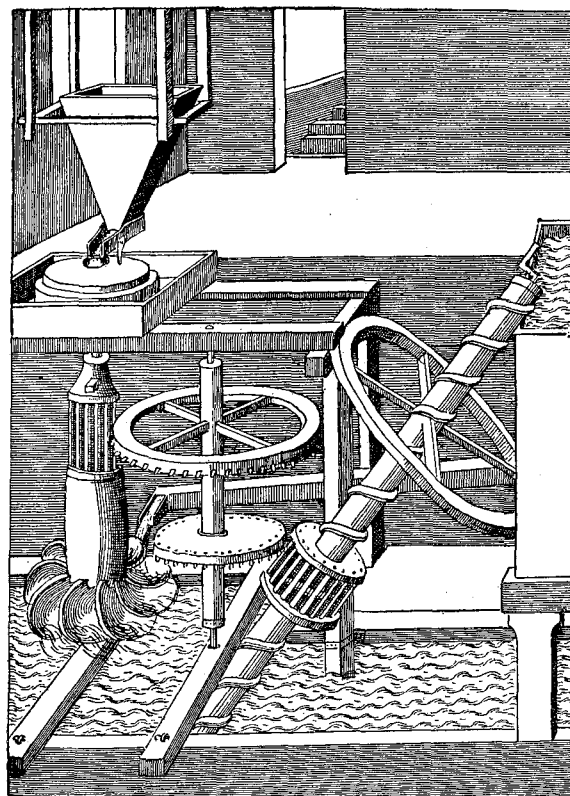


FIG. 8.—TURBINE, 1575.

February 17). Mr. Lafitte begins by noting that the progress in science due to the discovery of the ordinary microscope is to be explained by the simple fact that it has made accessible to observers a whole order of magnitudes which before its invention the mind might possibly conceive, but the eye could not reach. He goes on to say:

"To-day, objects that belong to this series of dimensions have virtually no more secrets. Natural vision finds its limits in objects of 0.1 to .05 millimeter ($\frac{1}{2000}$ to $\frac{1}{5000}$ inch); below this the eye loses all power. With the microscope this limit is situated at objects measuring about three-tenths of a *micron*, a special unit designated by the symbol μ , and of the size of one-thousandth of a millimeter (0.001 mm.). The order of microscopic dimensions to that of macroscopic dimensions [those visible to the unaided eye] is thus as 1,000 is to 1.

"Man has probably never believed that the fact that he can not see with the naked eye objects smaller than a twentieth of a millimeter signifies that such objects do not exist. Democritus, Pascal and thousands of others, understanding the infinite divisibility of matter and the impossibility of making its smallest portions evident to the senses, laid this to the weakness of their organs of sense. Like them, if we can not see objects smaller than a fraction of a micron, we should attribute the fact to the limited power of our microscopes and imagine realms beyond our vision. Beside the macroscopic domain there is the microscopic domain, and besides that the mind may deduce the possibility of a hypermicroscopic domain, a world of yet smaller objects, a thousand times smaller than those that are visible with the microscope. This idea is not only the result of a deduction applied to the

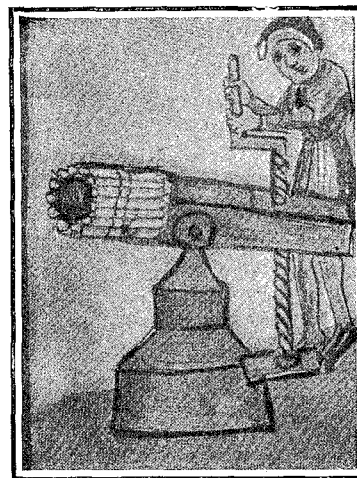


FIG. 9.—REVOLVING CANNON.

principle of the divisibility of matter. It is an induction based on numerous facts of observation; there exists, for instance, a very great number of maladies, of clearly infectious type, whose microbes are not known, such as the vesicular fever of cows, the scab of sheep, perhaps hydrophobia and the plague of birds. We can not doubt that these germs exist, for we can handle them as easily as ordinary microbes, that is to say, we cultivate them so as to attenuate their virulence and make vaccines, etc., . . . and they certainly are not soluble, since certain filters of sufficient fineness hold them while allowing the surrounding liquid to pass."

Several scientists, Messrs. Siedentopf and Zsigmondy in Germany, and Messrs. Cotton and Mouton in France, we read, have been able, in the years between 1903 and 1905, to show the justice of this reasoning and to prove that in the series of observable objects there are types of dimensions much below the smallest hitherto known. It is not, however, the problem of invisible microbes that they have succeeded in solving; we shall see why presently.

"The method that enables them to observe the hypermicroscopic world had for its object what are called colloidal solutions. The writer continues:

"Soapy water is an excellent type of these solutions; it is a turbid, opalescent liquid and the addition of a salt brings about a characteristic coagulation. The opalescence is attributed to the peculiar structure, which is characterized by the presence of granules suspended in a liquid, just as fine powder is sometimes suspended, with the difference that the granules are extremely small, invisible under the microscope—'hypermicroscopic.' It is these that the scientists named above have succeeded in putting in evidence, and in a very simple way, at least in principle.

"The 'hypermicroscope' is an ordinary microscope; but while in all other microscopes the object to be examined is illuminated from below and by rays parallel to the microscope, here the light arrives from above and perpendicularly to the axis of the tube. Suppose a colloidal solution having the structure indicated above; in light parallel to the axis of the tube the granules intercept the rays and present to the observer a degree of shade; only this is too small for the strongest enlargements and the observer sees nothing; on the contrary, in perpendicular light each granule reflects a ray into the axis of the tube and the preparation appears like a starry sky; in fact, in this case the size of the granule makes no difference; what renders it visible is the intensity of the light that it emits.

"Calculations enable us to attribute to the granules thus observed a size of about 0.003 micron, or in millimeters 0.000003 [0.00000012 inch].

"The hypermicroscopic domain, as far as we have access to it at present, is thus related to the microscopic domain as this is to the macroscopic domain; it is an order of magnitudes a thousand times less."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

OUR NATIONAL LIGHT BILL.

THAT of every hundred dollars spent in this country on light ten is pure waste is asserted by President Marks of the new Illuminating Engineering Society in an address delivered at its first annual meeting. This loss of ten per cent. foots up to about \$20,000,000 yearly, which enormous sum, Mr. Marks thinks, may be saved by proper attention and procedure. Says *The Electrical World* (New York, February 17) in an editorial comment on the matter:

"The figures that Mr. Marks gave as to the national bill for light and of the waste involved must be startling to many people, and in themselves, if at all true, constitute a platform. It will be noted from our abstract of his admirable address that Mr. Marks places the annual American expenditure on light at not less than \$200,000,000, of which electric light amounts to \$100,000,000, coal and water gas, \$35,000,000; natural gas, \$1,700,000; acetylene, \$2,500,000, and oil, \$60,000,000. The figure for electric light may seem disproportionately high, but the facts approve it. Our own estimate . . . as to the production of central stations and isolated plants was \$210,000,000 for 1905. The United States census statistics of 1902 showed that of the total income of \$85,700,000 of the

central stations that year, 18.2 per cent. was from other sources than lighting, and the percentage is a rising one on account of the development of the day stationary-motor load and of the heating and automobile-charging load. With an ordinary gain over 1902, therefore, it will be seen that Mr. Marks's figures are extremely conservative for electricity. As to gas, we have an idea that the data are perhaps equally low; but it is a field where our personal information does not go very far, and Mr. Marks has made a close study of it.

"But the great point is the one made by Mr. Marks, namely, that on this lighting bill of \$200,000,000 upward the waste and loss in bad illumination is at least \$20,000,000. To reclaim that is, briefly, the mission of the new society; and it is a noble object, by no means so utilitarian as it sounds. Every new illuminant has a measure of civilization in itself; every refinement of lighting is a social reform; every closer adjustment of conditions that help the eye makes infinitely for the welfare and comfort of us all."

LACQUERED TIN FOR PRESERVING FRUIT.

IN view of the undoubted fact that fruit juices act upon tin, altho the amount of tin dissolved is usually quite small, interest attaches to a simple method for preventing this action, noticed in *The Lancet* (London, February 24). Says that paper:

"It is not desirable that preserves should be contaminated with metallic salts even altho those salts do not appear to be injurious. There is no distinct evidence that small quantities of tin salts are prejudicial to health, but it is possible, and the only way of eliminating any doubt in the matter is either to give up the use of tin for the purpose or else to adopt a means by which any action upon the tin is made impossible. Glass, of course, from a hygienic point of view is the most satisfactory material that can be employed, but its use entails obvious disadvantages. In transit, for example, glass vessels are liable to break, they cost more to pack, and they can not be handled with the same impunity as can a metal container. It is satisfactory to learn that the old objection to the use of the tin container for the purpose of preserving fruits has been completely overcome by a method recently adopted. . . . The process is extremely simple and consists in uniformly covering the tin with a thin veneer of lacquer which is absolutely proof against the action of fruit acids and, in fact, as we have found, against even the action of mineral acids. We have examined several tins in which various jams have been kept, and in no instance were we able to find any evidence of the tin being acted upon, the lacquer being just as sound as when it had first been put on. . . .

"In view of these results there is no reason whatever why prejudice should any longer exist against the use of tin for packing preserves so long as this veneering process is carried out in the satisfactory way just indicated. This departure not only satisfies hygienic requirements, but also is calculated to reduce the cost to the consumer of a popular, palatable article of food. The method, it seems to us, should give a stimulus to home fruit-growing, as it provides a satisfactory means of preserving fruit which is hygienically sound and economical. We carried out a number of careful experiments with the following fruits preserved and packed in this way: raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, plums, blackberries, greengages, and damsons. In no instance was there the least indication of any action on the tin, and not a trace of tin could be found in the sirup, while the color of the fruit was satisfactorily preserved."

"THE haphazard inventor," *The Electrical Review* (New York, March 3), says, "seems to think that his ideas, which are based only on a superficial knowledge of an industry, are worth more than those of the men who have labored in it for a lifetime; and, more than this, he does not even take the trouble to find out whether some one else has not been ahead of him. He thinks that if his plan is patentable it is useful, not knowing that perhaps it has been tried previously and discarded. He proposes, for example, to apply the gas-engine principle to the jet propulsion of vessels, evidently never having heard of cavitation. He devises an air propeller with overlapping vanes, not knowing that a narrow-vaned propeller is not only stronger and cheaper, but more efficient. He thinks he can construct a machine in which the action and the reaction will be in the same direction, thus doubling his force; or that, by placing a second core outside of his magnetizing coil, in addition to the one within it, he thereby doubles his magnetizing action. If such inventors would only take the trouble to look into the subject, their time would be profitably spent, since they could thereby save many fees on worthless patents."

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

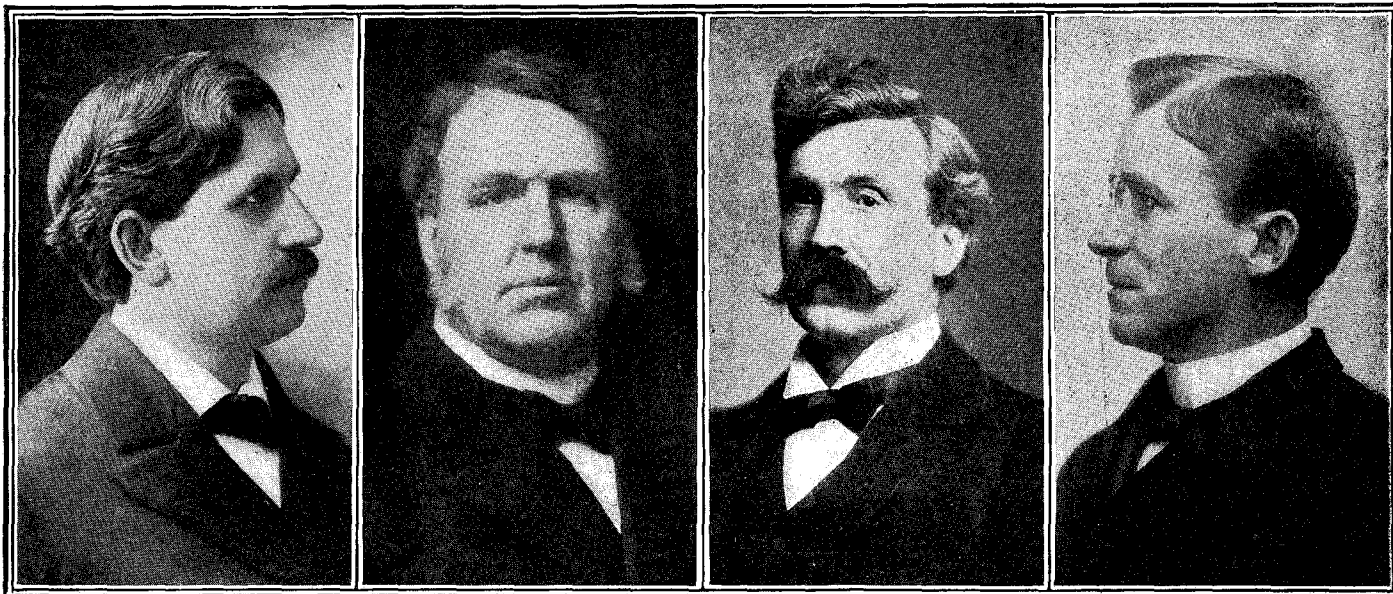
THE RELIGION OF THE NEXT NINETY YEARS.

"WHAT is to be the religion of the next ninety years?" *The Congregationalist and Christian World* (Boston) submits this question to representative clergymen of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Presbyterian denominations, publishing their answers in the form of a symposium. Naturally all interpret this question as meaning "In what direction will Christianity develop during the period named?" The Rev. Frank Gunsaulus (Congregational), president of the Armour Institute, Chicago, predicts that "the religion of the next ninety years will reflect the presence and influence of the scientific method." This method, he maintains, "will first of all make clear the fact, as stated by Sabatier, that 'man is incurably religious'; then, with all the assumptions to the contrary cleared away, the

come open-minded to the teaching of the Living God. Christianity takes up its social task as a part of the work of salvation. . . . Can we contemplate, without sinking of heart, the possibility of social conditions which doom and damn little children to misery and hopelessness? doom and damn them before they open their eyes to the sun? Can we bring ourselves to look steadily at such conditions and call ourselves Christians? Shall we escape the terrifying situation by giving up real faith in the kingdom of God and fleeing to the monastery? Or, standing fast within our social duties, shall we, by means of a quickening faith in the Living Christ, banish both the aristocrat and the monk from the best society?"

The Rev. James R. Day (Methodist), chancellor of Syracuse University, writes:

"Ninety years from now immeasurably more than now the world's practical religion will be the great spiritual and ethical truths which men in great numbers are discovering in the New Testament—that record of the truth revealed to the first Chris-



REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

"The religion of the next ninety years," he says, "will reflect the influence of the scientific method."

REV. JAMES ROSCOE DAY.

"Ninety years from now," he asserts, "churches will be one fellowship, and their working creed will be the thirteenth chapter of second Corinthians."

REV. B. F. COYLE.

"The drift," he predicts, "will be away from complexity. The divine fire, and not the ecclesiastical candlestick, will be accentuated."

REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.

The Christianity of the next ninety years, he asserts, will be more optimistic, more altruistic, and more democratic than ever before.

THEY PREDICT THE COURSE OF OUR RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

Church will go at the task of dealing with men religiously rather than ecclesiastically." The Rev. Henry S. Nash, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., altho protesting that prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error, goes on to say:

"The first fact, blocked out with sufficient clearness for us to discern its nature and bearings, is that conception of the Scriptures which historical study is giving us. The bands of traditional opinion having been broken, the Old Testament is disclosing itself to us in its true character. . . . We are ceasing to take it as a body of infallible teaching in the field of doctrine or of inerrant prediction of future events. The Old Testament is returning into its proper connection with history, from which the doctrine of infallibility had detached it.

"With the doctrine of infallibility goes the decline of ecclesiastical imperialism. For, if we are to believe the Bible as infallible, we must, in order to be consistent, separate it from all other records of human experience. And then, if we value logic, we must have an infallible church to make scriptural infallibility workable. But an infallible church in its turn means a monasticized church, a church wherein the idea of the kingdom of God, the conception of the Christian consciousness as a creative social will, can not be the controlling ideal. When, however, the doctrine of infallibility decays, ecclesiastical imperialism dies with it. The churches become open-minded toward one another. All of them together be-

tians. Churches will be one fellowship and have their place by the efficiency with which they carry the knowledge of a religion for this world and for the next to all men—a cleansing, a burden-bearing, a hopeful religion. The working creed will be the thirteenth chapter of second Corinthians, which has its climax in the heart of Christ with which it closes, 'Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love.'"

The Rev. William N. Clarke (Baptist), of Colgate University, is among those who believe that "the Christianity of the twentieth century must be a working Christianity, devoting its intelligence and religious power to the vast and complex present problem of humanity." The Rev. Charles E. Jefferson (Congregational), pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, states that "religion is going to be what it has been, only more so." He adds, however, that it will be more optimistic, more altruistic, and more democratic, than ever before. To quote:

"Religion is growing sunnier and more hopeful, and Christianity in the twentieth century will be more jubilant than it has been since the days of the apostles. The idea of the Divine Immanence, long working like a leaven, will go on leavening the lump of church life, bringing a new confidence and fresh courage to increasing numbers of those who fix their minds on things which are above.

"Religion will be also increasingly altruistic. The importance of environment as a factor in the growth of souls is bringing to religious men a new sense of responsibility, and out of this awakened social conscience will come movements for the redemption of our cities on a scale vaster than any which the nineteenth century attempted.

"The religious spirit will, it is safe to say, be progressively democratic, and every form of church government will show in its changing structure the growing power of the laity. Democracy has as yet been only a strong man getting ready to run a race, and in the twentieth century long stretches of the appointed course will be covered. There will be a Christian socialism, the full dimensions of which we can not now conjecture.

"The growing sense of solidarity has already powerfully affected religious thought and action, and within ninety years many a dividing wall now massive will be leveled, and many a chasm now wide and deep will be no more. Religion is going to give itself with unprecedented devotion to the work of reconciling brethren who are estranged, and the Church of Christ entering the arena of international life will hasten the fulfilment of the dream of the prophet who declared that some day war should be no more.

"Religion will be increasingly missionary in its disposition and movement. The last ninety years have witnessed the opening of all the doors of all the lands, and in the ninety years next coming Christianity will boldly enter in. We are coming to see that the missionary impulse is of the essence of the Christian life, and the triumphs of the past are as nothing compared with the victories which are to be."

Looking into the time to come, the Rev. Robert F. Coyle (Presbyterian), ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, discerns in the movements of religion "a decided shifting of emphasis." "Things extraneous or unessential," he writes, "will be put upon the shelf or eliminated altogether." This change of emphasis will be manifest in the interpretation of the Bible. To quote further:

"The stress will be laid, not upon authorships, but upon essences; not upon the literary vehicle, but upon the freightage it carries; not upon the letter, but upon the spirit. . . . It will be seen that truth is truth, whether enshrined in myth, or fable, or parable, or history, or prophecy, or what you will. . . .

"This change of emphasis will be manifest in the Church. The stress will be laid upon fundamental agreements and not upon small and unimportant differences. . . . The divine fire and not the ecclesiastical candlestick will be accentuated. Denominations will grow less, the Christ of God more. The drift will be away from complexity to simplicity. . . . The tides of evangelism will rise, but it will be evangelism supplemented by greatly augmented efforts to promote social righteousness. . . . There will be a reaction from much of the sentimentalism of our day. Sin will be seen in all its awful reality, and over against it Calvary will stand out more clearly than ever as the only hope of humanity."

"All We Have Left of the Civil War."—After listening to a discussion about the proposed union of the Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian churches, relates *The Christian Observer* (Louisville, Ky.), a small boy of ten or eleven years cried out abruptly, "I don't want the Northern and Southern churches to unite; it is all we have left of the Civil War." The more it thinks of this remark, says *The Christian Observer*, the more it becomes impressed with the solemn truth contained in it. To quote further:

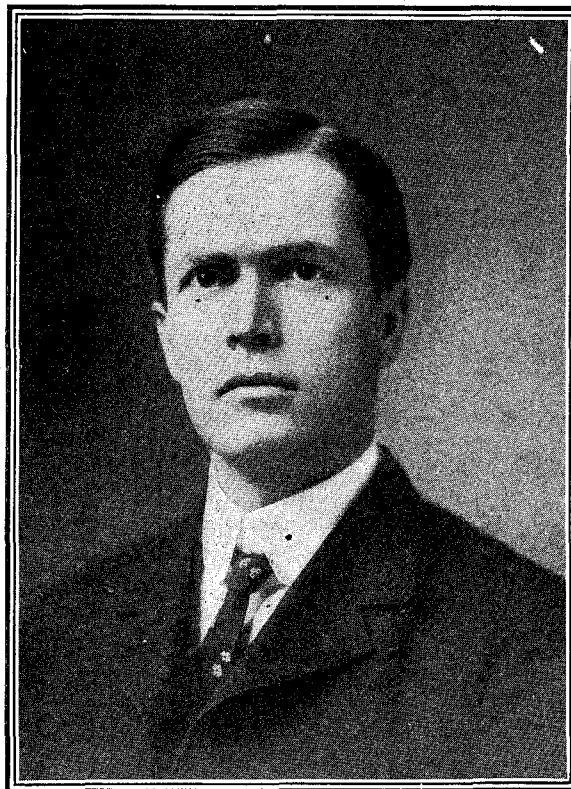
"If a foreigner visiting our country were to ask us to show him the results of the war which have survived with least loss or diminution of their original feeling or force, could any one point to a more striking instance than the separation of the great Presbyterian family? It is doubtful whether there is as much feeling of severity, and expression of it, in any of the political gatherings, or reunions of veterans, of to-day, as may be heard in some of our Church courts when questions are under consideration which involve the relations of our Church to the Northern Church, or to any conference or federation with which the Northern Church is in any manner associated. It is a habit of long standing on the part of some to presuppose that the Northern Church is all wrong, and that we are all right, or very nearly so.

"A few of our people are more pronounced in this respect than any of the founders of our Church were."

A GREAT MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

AN international missionary movement which in twenty years sends nearly three thousand volunteers to the foreign-mission field, which represents no less than fifty denominations, and has proved itself a strong factor in the growing sentiment toward Christian unity and cooperation and which proclaims as its watchword "The evangelization of the world in this generation" can not fail of some appeal to the imagination, even of those not specifically interested in missions. Such is the Student Volunteer Movement, which recently celebrated at Nashville the twentieth anniversary of its initiation. From the published report of the Executive Committee we learn that the purpose of the movement is to act as a recruiting society for the various missionary boards; and that the whole face of the globe is really dotted by the churches and parsonages of its 2,953 workers, who are stationed in almost every country and province of the four continents. We read further:

"The Volunteer Movement has touched by its propaganda nearly if not quite 1,000 institutions of higher learning in North America. Upon 800 of these institutions it has brought to bear one or more of its agencies with such constancy and thoroughness as to make an effective missionary impression. This includes nearly all of the American and Canadian colleges and theological



MR. JOHN R. MOTT.

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement.

seminaries of importance. In the case of a large majority of these institutions the work of the movement has been the first real missionary cultivation which they have ever received. . . .

"Because the Volunteer Movement is a movement and because it is a movement for *foreign* missions, the principal proof of its efficiency is to be found in the going forth of its members to the foreign-mission field. No matter what its other achievements may be, nothing can take the place of this result. This is its distinctive mission. It is gratifying therefore to note that the movement has on its records the names of 2,953 volunteers who, prior to January 1, 1906, had sailed to the mission field.

"At the Toronto convention the hope was expressed that during the next quadrennium 1,000 volunteers might go forth. It is a striking coincidence that the number who have sailed during the past four years so far as we have information is an even 1,000. About one-third of the sailed volunteers are women. Not less than fifty denominations are represented in the sailed list."

The results of this movement have not been confined to the spreading of the Gospel in foreign lands, the conversion of the heathen, and the civilization of the barbarian. The enthusiasm of those who started and carry it on reacts with wonderful effect, we are told, upon the spiritual life of the Church at home. Speaking of such results the *Cumberland Presbyterian* (Nashville) says:

"Among the results may be mentioned the following: The subject of missions has been presented in over nine hundred institu-



MR. FENNELL P. TURNER,
General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

tions of learning, thus bringing the cause of God's kingdom to the immediate attention of thousands of students. A thorough and systematic study of missions has been made by a great multitude of young people. In 400 institutions there have been 1,049 classes thus engaged; while in the various young peoples' societies and missionary societies of our various churches this number has been largely increased. There has been a decided improvement in both the quantity and quality of missionaries sent out to the various fields. To this the different boards bear glad testimony. Benevolence has been stimulated in all lines of church work. The enterprise has been seen to be most practical, and the response with funds has been generous. The religious life of many institutions of learning has been deepened by this movement, while all Christian organizations of young people have been greatly helped."

CHANGING FAITH TO GAIN A CROWN.

THE conversion of Princess Ena of Battenberg to the Catholic Church as a necessary preliminary state to her marriage with his "most Catholic Majesty," the King of Spain, is naturally calling forth comments of various kinds from the European church papers. Many of the Protestant journals deplore the incident and assert that in the interests of religion it is to be hoped that further cases of this kind will be few and far between. If the people at large are to regard their religion as a matter of serious importance, these papers argue, then the reigning houses must show them that not worldly advantage, not even a crown, is enough to justify a change of faith, which should result only from deep convictions. Cases of this kind, they urge, can only make the people religiously indifferent. The *Chronik der Christlichen Welt*, of Marburg, takes this view. It gives, moreover, a survey of similar cases in recent times, from which we quote as follows:

"It is a fact sad to contemplate that not a few Protestant princesses have in recent decades been compelled to forswear the faith of their fathers when marrying men of other creeds. The most noteworthy instance of this kind is naturally Princess Alix of Hessen who in 1894 went over to the Orthodox Church of Russia in order to marry the Czar. But even when the prize was not as great, and only a Russian grand duke was involved, the demand has in late years been made in each case that Protestant princesses accept the faith of their husbands. This, however, was not so formerly. When Princess Alexandria of Saxony in 1848 married a Russian grand duke she was permitted to retain her Lutheran faith. The same was the case in 1857 when Princess Carulia of Baden married the Grand Duke Michael, and even as late as 1874 when Mary of Mecklenburg married Grand Duke Vladimir, as also in 1884 when Princess Elizabeth of Saxony married a member of the Russian royal family. Even the Dowager Empress of Russia, when as Princess Dagmar of Denmark in 1866, she married the prince who afterward became Alexander III., retained her Protestant faith and is a Protestant to the present day. The compulsory conversion in connection with the marriages with Russian grand dukes began in 1882, when the Hessian princess Elizabeth, who married Sergius, became Orthodox and assumed the name of Elisaveta Feodorovna. It seems that princesses of certain Protestant houses were able to cling to their faith while those of other houses could not. Even a house so comparatively insignificant as that of Montenegro has succeeded in persuading a Protestant princess to deny her faith. This was the



KING AND FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

A barrier to their marriage was removed by the Princess Ena's change of faith from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism—an act which has aroused much comment in the religious press.

Countess Jutta of Mecklenburg, in 1899, who married the Crown Prince Danilo. Even the house of Hohenzollern has not been spared this humiliation. When the Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, in 1899, married Sophia of Prussia, a sister of the present Kaiser, she remained Protestant for a time, but in 1891, much to the indignation of her brother, she joined the Orthodox Church.

"It is significant that cases of this sort can not be chronicled from the Catholic Church in recent times; but a whole series of cases can be cited in which Catholic princesses, when marrying

Protestant princes, particularly stipulated that they were to remain Catholic, but consented to have their children reared in the Protestant Church. The most conspicuous instance of this was the marriage of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, in 1885, with Princess Marie of Orléans. Their four sons are Protestant, but their only daughter is Catholic. The same conditions prevailed in the case of Duke Ernst Günther, of Schleswig-Holstein, the brother of the German Empress, and Princess Dorothea of Saxony-Coburg. In Rumania King Carl I. is a member of the Catholic line of the Hohenzollern, but his wife, 'Carmen Sylva,' is Protestant. His nephew and prospective successor, Prince Ferdinand, is Catholic, but the Crown Princess, Maria von Sachsen, is Protestant, but their son and two daughters are Orthodox."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

CHRIST IN GERMAN FICTION.

"**H**OLY Land," a novel by the former pastor Frenssen, who sprang into sudden fame four years ago by the publication of "Jörn Uhl," is said to be furnishing at present the chief theological sensation in Germany. Already, only a few months after its first appearance, more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold. The sensational features of the book are not to be found on its literary side, but in its underlying theology. It embodies many of the radical theological ideas of this age of religious unrest. The interest centers in Frenssen's picture of Christ, which, the author himself states, is drawn on the basis of the researches of such representative university men as Harnack, Holtzmann, Bousset, Wrede, and others. He claims, moreover, that "this life of the Redeemer is the basis of the regeneration of Germany."

Frenssen begins this sketch by a description of the historical development of man down to the time of Christ. "Mankind was only slowly developed out of darkness and dreariness. The ascent occupied the period of many hundred thousand years. For a hundred thousand years men dwelt like the foxes, in the treeless land, in caves, as did also other animals and did not know that they differed from animals."

After a historical survey of the development of Judaism according to the advanced scheme, the writer proceeds to describe Jesus. He says:

"In the north of the country, between the sea and the ocean, in the plains lived a couple, Joseph, Jacob's son, and his wife, who was known by the name of Mary. Neither was probably of pure Jewish descent, but was probably from a mixed blood of Jewish and Gentile people. The husband does not seem to have reached an advanced age, but the wife lived to see her children grow up. It is a settled remarkable fact that this mother of a hero had no appreciation of the greatness of her son. This couple had five children, who grew up as children under such circumstances and surroundings would. The first-born child of this marriage, named Jesus, had remarkably clear and deep eyes, and was able to reflect seriously and deeply on the past and future of his people, and was particularly receptive of impressions of a religious nature."

However, only through John the Baptist does he reach the conviction that he is to be the Savior. On his way homeward after his baptism he thought to himself thus: "When I return home tomorrow I must appear in public—I, the timid and quiet one—and must say to the people: 'Let your lives and your hearts become clean, because the Kingdom of God is to come.'" After passing through stages of doubt, he returns from the desert as a "person torn in soul and conscience; but he is brave and overcomes all doubt."

Naturally what the Gospels describe as miracles of Jesus, according to Frenssen are no real healings of the sick, but only a hypnotic influence on the wills of the diseased persons, as the conviction that they were not sick was necessary for entrance into the Kingdom of God which he proclaimed.

It is noteworthy that Frenssen insists upon claiming that Jesus be nevertheless the Savior of sinners. He describes this in con-

nection with a romantic picture of the sinning woman in the house of Simon the leper. Here Jesus is represented as saying to the unfortunate woman: "God in heaven is your Father also, and loves you too. You on your part, too, love him. And keep on loving him even if you do not find your way out of your present sin. Now go, and do not weep!"

A leading German conservative Church paper, in commenting on this passage, says: "According to this, Jesus is indeed an accommodating Savior of sinners, just the kind that natural man wants him to be."

The rising opposition of the people to Jesus, Frenssen describes as something that surprised the Lord. Of his sufferings the author has this to say:

"What he felt in his soul nobody knows or can tell. He no doubt to the very last had a flickering hope that his 'Father in Heaven' would not compel him to drink this cup. But no ten thousand angels came. Not a single one came. Even his faithful followers had practically all fled. He died, after hanging for several hours in agony on the cross, of loss of blood and suffocation, and such was his death."

On the crucial point of the resurrection Frenssen says in substance: He had himself believed and had definitely told his followers that he would return, and that, too, on the third day, endowed with divine power. His followers were convinced that he did not lie and would come. Peter and John declared that they *must* see him again, and they imagined that they *did* see him. Then this rumor spread from village to village and was corroborated by similar rumors from others equally anxious to see him. In the anxiety of the faith they saw him, and on this faith the first church was founded.

In this way then, argues Dr. Frenssen, the resurrection of Jesus is not a historic fact, but rests on the imagination, the hallucinations, and self-deceptions of his disciples. In conclusion he gives this summary of what Jesus is and must be to the modern man:

"And now we decline to accept that which of his historical surroundings and their errors still clung to him, namely, his faith in the spirits, in his miracles, in his bodily resurrection, and in the near advent of the Kingdom of God. Not even his moral teachings, however exalted they may be, are binding on the children of an age that thinks quite differently from his own. We also decline to accept all the doctrines which men, including Paul and the writers of the synoptical Gospels, have devised in reference to God and to many other subjects. We also reject the doctrines of the Trinity, of the fall into sin, of the Son of God, and the theory of atonement through his blood, as well as the resurrection of the body. Why should we believe these things? For our times they are useless. Away with this stuff. Those who still regard these things are ignorant or hypocritical. How dear and sweet is thy picture, O Redeemer! How simple and childlike is thy faith!"

It is only fair to add that the representatives of modern theology, at the universities, in part at least, deny that Frenssen has interpreted them correctly. Conservative papers naturally regard this as the consistent outcome of radical university theology, what they call, not a "faith," but an "unfaith." Frenssen's book is certainly a sign of the times, and its phenomenal sale shows that he utters and reflects the thoughts of many thousands.—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

The Catholic Union and Times (Buffalo) prints the following editorial paragraph: "Lately we hear much from exalted sources about America and the English language. The great desideratum seems to be to have the English tongue America's language. Why should this be? Is not America the home of the world's oppressed, and should they not find here the simple right to speak their own tongues and learn their Catholic faith in the language which sends its idioms home to heart and brain, to cheer the one and illumine the other? Moreover, is not the English language essentially the language which has been polluted with the garbage of a thousand heresies? Is it not a solemn fact, so closely bound is home and church—faith and fatherland—that the Frenchman or the German when he neglects his native tongue loses with it his faith? Or is an English grammar worth an immortal soul?"

FOREIGN COMMENT.

"HIS GRAY EMINENCE" IN FRANCE AGAIN.

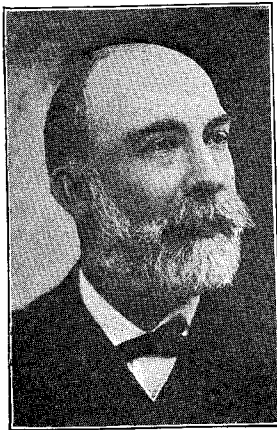
THE new President of the Council and Prime Minister of the French Republic is described in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) as one of the most mysterious and potent personalities on the stage of French politics. He is compared to that Capuchin friar, confessor to Richelieu, Father Joseph, who was credited with the power of swaying the destinies of France under Louis XIII. Sarrien by a nod, a frown, or a word has disrupted cabinets and dismissed councilors. He has not been eminent himself, however, as a speaker or cabinet minister. Only in obscurity has he been omnipotent in affairs. He is the very "Éminence Grise" of Gérôme's picture, descending his master's stairs, an untitled dependent, yet dreaded by all, whose obsequious acknowledgment he treats with utter indifference. To quote the *Débats*:

"Persons who do not know him consider Mr. Sarrien to be a man of profound genius. This man, who by a word, or gesture, by his very silence, forms cabinets at will, supports them, overturns them, from a distance strikes people as being a mysterious power, superhuman, furtive, and formidable. In the ordinary course of political life he never makes a speech, and this dumbness does not impair his reputation. He is never talked about, but this obscurity makes him loom still larger when he is seen, in the hour of crisis, to hold the destiny of the State in his hands. In other days a ministry, in order to be solid, required the support of the majority. Nowadays the support of Mr. Sarrien is sufficient for it."

A curious incident is related of the strange power Sarrien has been known to wield in deposing a new office-holder and inducing him to lay down his portfolio. Thus:

"For one half-day Mr. Thomson was Minister of the Interior; in the early evening he resumed his place in the Admiralty, and yielded up his ephemeral *fauteuil* to Mr. Trouillot before he had even sat down in it. Why was this? Simply because at a dinner party he had noticed a look of annoyance on the face of Mr. Sarrien. The latter had not said a word, for great political thoughts, like great sorrows, are silent; but he left his soup untasted. This was what troubled Mr. Thomson, and when he refused the second course, Mr. Bérard, a witness to this historic incident, recognized the gravity of the situation. There was not a moment to lose. Without waiting for his roast pheasant, Mr. Bérard left the table, flung himself into Mr. Clémentel's automobile, which he luckily found standing outside, and rushed off to Mr. Rouvier. A quarter of an hour later the Ministry of the Interior had changed hands, and the Cabinet could once more have confidence in Mr. Sarrien, the gods, and the future."

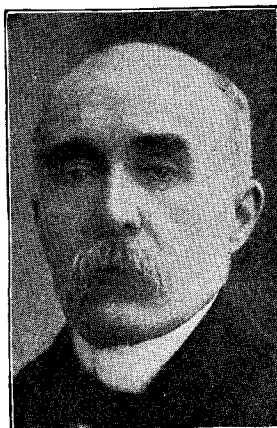
Mr. Sarrien, according to this writer, has nominated more than one cabinet after obstinately refusing to take office himself, and



JEAN MARIE FERDINAND
SARRIEN,
Premier and Minister of Justice.



LÉON BOURGEOIS,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.



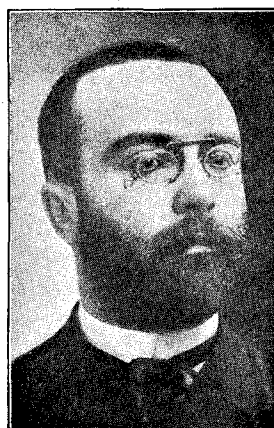
GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU,
Minister of the Interior.



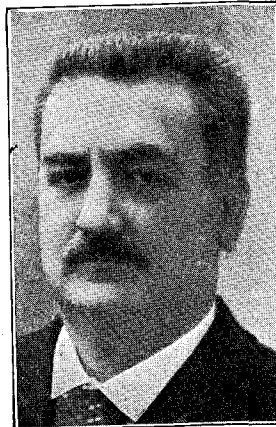
MR. THOMSON,
Minister of Marine.



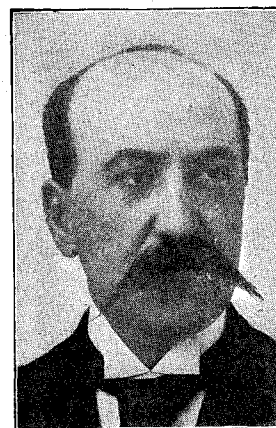
EMILE DOUMERGUE,
Minister of Commerce.



JEAN BARTHOUD,
Minister of Public Works.



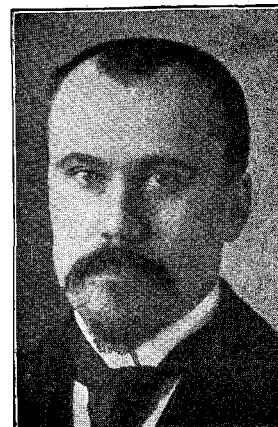
EUGÈNE ÉTIENNE,
Minister of War.



JEAN LEYGUES,
Minister of the Colonies.



MR. RUAU,
Minister of Agriculture.

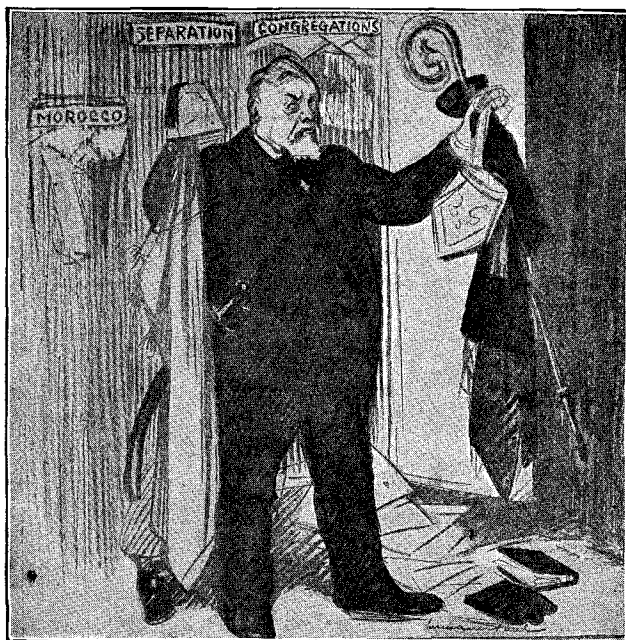


RAYMOND POINCARRÉ,
Minister of Finance.

THE NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE AND HIS LEADING ADVISERS.

has thus been the most powerful political wire-puller in the republic. To quote further:

"How shall we characterize this Sarrien? 'Sarrien,' said Mr. Combes one day in confidence to an interviewer, 'Sarrien is the post to which the ministerial coach is hitched when a change of



THE NEW TENANT.

FALLIERES—"He ought to have cleaned up all this before leaving!"

—Rire (Paris)

horses is to take place.' This definition is hardly true. It is some time since Mr. Sarrien gave up active participation in political business. He has not figured in any ministerial combination for several years. Yet we can not forget that in every crisis the Prime Minister of the imperiled cabinet makes his way to the Avenue de l'Observatoire, knocks at Mr. Sarrien's door, and laying every single portfolio at his feet, implores him to choose for himself.

"Mr. Sarrien always declines to take office, for he does not desire to be either a nobody, a figurehead, or a hitching-post. His health, he pleads, prevents acceptance. But he nominates the ministers, draws up the platform of the cabinet, and states the conditions on which he will suffer it to live. After which he relapses into silence, and buries himself in obscurity."

The curious fact in the history of this Warwick the king-maker is that after so many years of self-sought insignificance and inactivity, even tho he has more than once held a portfolio, he should consent to be king himself by accepting the presidency of the Council in the sixty-sixth year of his age. As a Republican, we are told, he has been a member of four cabinets, and several times vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies. This is his policy:

"I am profoundly convinced that the surest way of avoiding violent upheavals and regrettable disturbances, such as have so often troubled our country, is not to confine ourselves to a policy of opposition and negation, but, on the contrary, to make every effort to meet the demands of the people so long as these are reasonable and legitimate. I myself am as much averse to the utopian dreams of the Collectivist and Socialist, as I am to monarchical reaction. While I resolutely uphold the right of individual ownership, and am opposed to the increase of the imposts, which already weigh heavily on the taxpayer, I favor a reform of our fiscal system, with a more equitable distribution of the burden of public expenses, by making the rich pay and pay in proportion to their riches. In brief, I desire to promote order, peace, industry, and advancement in national liberty by means of the republic."

With regard to Morocco, he has declared publicly his intention to continue the policy of his predecessor, feeling that the development of French interests in that country can be assured without detriment to those of other Powers.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

THE WAR SCARE IN BELGIUM.

THE generally disturbed condition of Europe receives a new illustration in the perturbation of the Belgian press over an alleged invasion threatened by Germany. Pangermanism has become a word of ill-omen in the journalistic circles of the smaller states of Europe, and Kaiser Wilhelm's speech at the celebration of his silver wedding has jarred upon the nerves of trembling cabinets. They fear every moment lest his armed head should suddenly emerge among them like the gigantic figure in Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," to shake the foundations of their safety and burst asunder the walls of their protection. Yet little Belgium is brave, as history has always shown her to be, and the *Journal de Bruxelles*, the organ of the Government, declares that if a sudden descent of Germany should occur in the near future, she is ready to send into the field an army well organized, well commanded, and ready to do its duty in securing the fulfilment of those pledges of neutrality which the Powers have guaranteed. It is added that, especially in regard to Germany, Belgium possesses formal declarations concerning the attitude of that Empire toward her, and she is quite confident that she will be enabled to enforce their accomplishment.

The *Revue Diplomatique* (Paris) states as a fact that Belgian newspapers are filled with paragraphs relating to a threatened German occupation, and aver that a new grouping of the Powers at Algier has resulted in placing Belgium in tow of Germany. This, declares the *Revue*, has been officially denied by the Belgian Government in an official *communiqué* published in the government organ. The Belgian authorities say:

"Belgium, in accordance with the kindly feelings which are traditional in her bearing toward the other Powers, intends to abstain from all intervention in foreign political questions. Her purpose in sending a delegate to the Conference was merely that of safeguarding her commercial interests. From the outset the Conference has laid down as the basis of its own activities the principle of the Sultan's independence and of the open door. The repre-



LEOPOLD THE SPENDTHRIFT HAS KONGOITIS.

DOCTOR—"You feel a weight on your stomach? That is the millions you got from the Kongo."

LEOPOLD—"Impossible, doctor; they're all gone long ago!"

—Fischietto (Turin).

sentatives of France and Germany have not shown themselves at one on these points. This is the happiest omen for the maintenance of Belgium's rights. It is sufficient to add that Belgium intends strictly to observe her customary neutrality.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

MORE GLOOM FOR IRISH HOME RULE.

WHEN Premier Campbell-Bannerman declared during his election campaign that the only remedy for Irish ills "is that the Irish people shall have the management of their own affairs," many friends of Ireland, as recorded in these columns at the time, at once concluded that he intended to give Ireland Home Rule. The astute *London Times*, however, took his words as merely smooth election phrases, and remarked that he was "canny, overpoweringly canny." Others are now coming around to *The Times's* opinion. Sir Henry now shows little inclination to carry out his "fighting program" which was to do so much for Ireland. Mr. Redmond, too, the leader of the Nationalist, or Irish, party, has, so *The United Irishman* (Dublin) declares, abandoned the Home-rule plank in the Parnellite sense, and people are beginning to remark on the fact that no mention of Home Rule was made in the speech from the throne. The *London Standard* says that Mr. Redmond is inclined to adopt the principle of "devolution" (considered in our issue of February 3, p. 167), a sort of half-loaf Home Rule that goes too far to please one party and not far enough to please the other.

The United Irishman says:

"Home Rule is abandoned by the Irish Parliamentary party. On Monday the speech from the throne was read in the British Houses of Parliament. It announced Home Rule—for the Transvaal; Home Rule—for the Orange Free State, and no Home Rule for Ireland. On behalf of the Irish Parliamentary party its leader, after listening to this repudiation of the pledges of the Liberal party, stood up, and in four columns and three-quarters of *The Freeman's Journal* announced the intention of himself and his followers to support the Liberal Government which has abandoned Home Rule. The country will take some time to fully realize what Mr. Redmond did in its name on Monday night. We shall put it in a sentence. He has pledged the strength and support of Ireland and the Irish people to the English tricksters who have Home Rule for everywhere but Ireland; he has abandoned the policy of opposition to all non-Home-rule British governments which Parnell propounded twenty-nine years ago—in 1877—and which until Mr. Redmond spoke on Monday night was nominally adhered to. The Irish Parliamentary party of Parnell is dead. The Nominal Home Rulers have returned."

The term "Nominal Home Rulers" is illustrated by a sentence or two in the *London Times* in which Mr. Bryce, Secretary for Ireland, is practically accused of keeping "the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the heart." The Liberal party, says this oracular organ, are not going to test the permanency of their imposing majority on any such risky questions. Alluding to a recent speech of the Chief Secretary in which he revealed his future Irish policy, *The Times* declares:

"It is not doubted in any quarter that Mr. Bryce, notwithstanding his obvious desire to abstain from committing the Government at present to definite measures acceptable to the Irish Separatists, thereby pledged himself and his colleagues to a policy of which Home Rule is the avowed end. This has been exultingly claimed by the Nationalist newspapers and by most of the prominent leaders of the Nationalist party. It is moodily acknowledged by the great majority of the Unionists, who find little to comfort them in the Chief Secretary's nebulous language, or in what he has permitted to be seen of his personal inclinations and intentions through those mists. It ought not to have surprised any practical politician to find that the views of those who call themselves the heirs of the genuine and orthodox Gladstonian tradition go much further than most of them allowed to be visible to people in this country during the recent appeal to the constituencies. Those who are alarmed at the revelation fall back for encouragement upon what is, no doubt, perfectly true, that there are immense and, it may be, insuperable difficulties in the way of giving effect by legislation to the larger 'Irish ideas' by which Mr. Bryce says he wishes and intends to be guided in dealing with the affairs of the sister island."

The logical consequences of party pledges do not always follow

in politics, the writer goes on calmly to say, and all that Mr. Bryce intended to express was, perhaps, his "benevolent acquiescence" in the principles of the Home Rulers. To quote further:

"The Irish Parliamentary party are perfectly well aware that logic does not exercise a paramount sway over politics. The abolition of the ties between Great Britain and Ireland created by the Act of Union and the abrogation of the special powers over lawless disorder and terrorist combinations permanently conferred by statute, nineteen years ago, upon the Irish Executive may be admitted by most Liberals to be reasonably claimed, or may even be ardently longed for by a very few. But no one supposes that the results demanded by Mr. Redmond's following can be accomplished simply by benevolent verbal acquiescence in Nationalist principles. The ministerial majority is imposing—perhaps in more senses than one—but its masters are likely to be no more eager to put it to the test of repeated divisions, on unpopular and



ABSORPTION.

THE CROCODILE—"Come along inside, and then we shall be ONE."
[The crocodile having already tasted the Pirate Chief now gets the rest of him—with apologies to "Peter Pan."]
—*Westminster Gazette* (London).

keenly fought measures, than Don Quixote was to try his sword on the pasteboard helmet."

The Standard (London) thinks that Mr. Redmond is going to try to satisfy his party by sneaking in some measure of Home Rule under a general scheme of "devolution" carried out on national lines. This journal says the devolution idea was first developed by Mr. Chamberlain, when he proposed the establishment of grand committees on trade and law, on whom should devolve the discussion of such questions, and it adds:

"We can not accept the suggestion put forward from the Irish quarter that the devolution should proceed on national lines. If there is to be Home Rule for Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and even for poor little England, it must be brought about by direct and organized legislation, not by the casual fiat of a transient majority."

And the writer concludes by saying that "ministers who have come into power on a 'fighting program' are, by the laws of electioneering, bound to make their pledges good."

In a second article *The United Irishman*, quoted above, lays all the blame of the Liberal party's failure to keep its election promises on Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. The writer says that while Mr. John Morley and Lord Spencer were trying to retain Home Rule on the Liberal program, the Nationalists refused "to strengthen their hands." "Morley and Spencer eventually abandoned the fight after a formal protest, and Home Rule was erased from the program of the Liberal party." To quote further:

"Suddenly the voice of Mr. John Redmond was heard welcom-

ing the devolutionists. We realized then that Home Rule was being betrayed by its leaders, and that any hope of keeping the Parliamentary party straight on the issue on which it professed to stand lay in arousing its supporters in this country to a sense of the danger. We need not now recapitulate at length what we did. We strove to make Mr. Redmond's supporters force him to pledge the Liberal Prime Minister, on the eve of the general election, to Home Rule. We did not succeed. The Liberals were returned, freed of their pledges, and are now about with the connivance of the Irish Parliamentary party to carry out the devolution policy, which incidentally includes the robbery from this country of over £3,000,000 per year."

A DURBAR IN HELL.

THE progress of the National movement in India is said to lie at the root of the prosecution of Mr. Bhorkar Balwant Bhopatkar, LL.B., proprietor and publisher of *Bhala* ("the Spear"), a vernacular journal of Poona, Bombay, for printing a virulent lampoon on the British Government. The trial is reported at some length in *The Friend of India* (Calcutta). The accused was described by his counsel as a man fighting for local independence in India, including local self-government and English citizenship, and India is treated by the Nationalist press of Dublin as the Ireland of Asia. Mr. Bhopatkar was, however, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with a fine of 1,000 rupees (about \$350) for publishing what was styled in the indictment an article "calculated to bring into hatred and contempt, and to excite disaffection toward, the government established by law."

The lampoon in the *Bhala* complained of as treasonable is entitled "A Durbar in Hell." The Devil, "high on a throne of royal state which far outshines the wealth of Ormus or of Ind, exalted sits." But he is grown old and unable to govern, and summons candidates for the possession of his throne. Many are examined. At last but one remains, a benevolent-looking old gentleman whom "none imagined would prove preeminent in deeds of cruelty." This is John Bull, who, according to Mr. Bhopatkar's satire, thus addresses the Emperor of Hell:

"Your Majesty, many persons have till now sung the praises of their own accomplishments; but all these pale before a narration of my qualifications. Your Majesty, a member gave you some idea of civilized oppression, and you also nodded your head in approval at the time. From that I am perfectly convinced that I alone am destined to obtain your kingdom. For I have practised oppression fully in conformity with that very mode. Your Majesty, therefore, may be pleased to hear an account of my cruelties. In the first place, I entered under the pretext of trade a country in which I possessed no rights, and with which I had no connection, and by gradually fomenting dissensions among the people there commenced to deprive them of their kingdom."

He proceeds to boast that he proclaimed himself Emperor of India. He spread his power over the people by forgery, robbery, and oppression. He violated their religious feelings, took away their arms, and made a parade of his magnificence. To quote further:

"Then I began to assume the authority of a king on the principle, 'Might is Right.' I made many forged documents. I plucked out the teeth of the queens there, and robbed them of their wealth by starving them. I ruined the money-lenders of that country by confusing documents and sent them to hell. Then I became a king, and usurped the kingdom of many persons. I robbed all of their independence. I removed their wealth from there to my distant country, so that there could be no fear of its coming back. I then saddled them with different taxes. I taxed their incomes and levied an impost upon a commodity which is vital to their existence, that is, salt. I gave them bribes of money and made them hate their own country. Then I deprived them of their arms, and thus arranged that they should not be able to defend themselves, even if torn and devoured by wild beasts. I hanged many of them, and ill-treated their women and children. I consumed kine, which are held sacred by them. I held many durbars like this without any reason, and made a parade of my own great-

ness thereat. . . . I made a bonfire of their lives, their wealth, their homes, their religion, their reputation, their honor, their independence, and everything else belonging to them. Can there be any more civilized mode of oppression than this? I alone, therefore, deserve the throne."

The narrative goes on to say that the ruler of the infernal regions descended from his throne at these words, embraced the successful candidate, and exclaimed: "You alone are fit to succeed me in this government!"

The editor of *The United Irishman* fails to see where the treason comes in, and takes the opportunity of having a fling at Mr. Morley, Secretary for India, who professed Home Rule in 1893, but has, we are told, lost the respect of all by joining the present Government, which is opposed to Home Rule. Where, the writer asks, is the treason in the speech attributed to John Bull at the Devil's Durbar? And he declares:

"We do not ourselves know where it is, but then we are Nationalists first and democrats afterward, and Mr. Morley is a democrat before all things, and, therefore, much more sensitive to any insult to the majesty of the people. The great British democracy has been insulted, it appears, by the insinuation that it covets the empire of hell, when it asks no more than the empire of the earth, and is willing to leave the other place to the inferior peoples, and the editor of the *Bhala* will, therefore, be imprisoned for a few years. It was very absurd, indeed, for the editor of the *Bhala* to forget that he was not living under that Russian Government the consideration of whose oppressions shocks the soul of British journalism."

Loss of Life in the Russo-Japanese War.—The statistics of the Russo-Japanese war have hitherto been both confused and confusing, but at last the official estimates are likely to become public property. These are both striking and instructive, according to the accounts and comments of the press. The Russian losses during the late struggle in Manchuria are reckoned by the *Invalid* (St. Petersburg), without including Port Arthur, as 151,000 killed, wounded, and disappeared. According to *The Speaker* (London), the returns of Japanese war losses made by the Japanese War Office have at length been published, and are instructive as indicating the numbers which a successful modern army may expect to lose by sickness and death in battle in a hard-fought campaign. This journal says:

"At the end of the war we were given to understand that the excellence of the Japanese hospital and ambulance system had been so great that the losses by sickness had been comparatively small. We are now officially informed that disease as usual claimed more victims than battle, tho the excess is very small, very much smaller than usual. Here are the statistics of killed, wounded, and missing:

Killed on the field	43,219
Wounded on the field	153,673
Missing	5,081
Injured by accident	16,456
Total	218,429

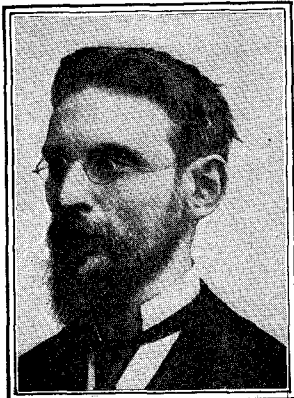
During the war the Japanese War Office did not publish lists with names of killed and wounded, and such statistics as it did issue commanded little confidence. Even now the tale of casualties is considered to be suspiciously small. Probably most of the missing should be added to the dead. Among 'injured by accident' are included those who were bitten by horses, run over by carts, maimed by badly fitting boots, and hurt by falling over cliffs. To the total of killed, wounded, injured, and missing must be added 221,136 who died of or were invalided by disease and sickness, thus giving a grand total of 439,565 casualties. It appears from a careful analysis of the returns that 281,587 invalided men were brought back to Japan. The total number of the men who perished at the front is put at about 60,000. Of the invalided men who were sent into hospitals in Japan 137,610 recovered and were discharged by the end of August, while 3,601 had by then died in hospital. Of wounded and sick men 391,265 either returned to service or 'turned into bone,' to quote the Homeric language of the Japanese War Office."

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE SOUL OF AN IRISHMAN.

RECOLLECTIONS. By William O'Brien, M.P. Illustrated. Cloth, 518 pages. Price, \$3.50 net. The Macmillan Company.

THERE are several standpoints from which to view these reminiscences of Parnell's devoted lieutenant. As history they throw not a little new light on Irish movements and occurrences during the third and the early years of the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century; as politics they formulate in unmistakable language the political faith of a large proportion of the Irish people struggling to better the condition of their native land, and as memoirs they afford many fresh glimpses of such prominent personages as Parnell, Archbishop Croke, Isaac Butt, John Dillon, Justin McCarthy, Michael Davitt, T. M. Healy and T. P. O'Connor. In all of these aspects they will be found entertaining and instructive.



Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

But to the earnest student of Irish affairs they are most suggestive when regarded as pure autobiography. They constitute, in fact, a human document wherein may be read not merely the personal characteristics of their author, but the predominating traits of his countrymen. For William O'Brien, with his qualities and defects accentuated by circumstances, may safely be accepted as a typical Irishman. And it is only through a careful reading of the Irishman that one may clearly apprehend the factors which have combined with economic and political conditions to create of Irish history one of the most pathetic and at the same time most brilliant chapters in the history of the world.

From the opening pages, in which he describes the vicissitudes of his early life and his youthful impressions and aspirations, Mr. O'Brien reveals himself as a man of deep feeling, and, in the phrase of *The Outlook* (London), "largely under the dominion of his emotions." There is in him a keen sense of family ties, a profound undercurrent of mysticism, and an abiding religious faith. His belief in the justness of Ireland's cause has never wavered; has, on the contrary, been intensified by adversity. But adversity, bereavement, poverty, ill-health, have not caused the iron of bitterness to enter into his soul. He has his prejudices—what man has not?—and smarting under what he regards as injustice to his country and to himself has been hurried into courses cold reason would never take. But, at bottom, his views of life and the world are sane, kindly, cheery. No better evidence can be cited than these very memoirs which, as *The Outlook* (New York) says, in comparing them, with Mr. McCarthy's reminiscences, "are pervaded by the same geniality, quiet dignity, pathos, tenderness, humor, and unflinching optimism."

The "wild Irishman" of caricature and libel is, in truth, intensely human and intensely fascinating, but to know him as he really is one must study him, must enter into his life, and share his thoughts and feelings. For such a purpose we can not have too many books like this Mr. O'Brien has given us, a book which, in the words of the *New York Tribune*, "has the flavor of autobiography, romance, and history," and is, in the last analysis, the faithful mirror of its author's personality.

WITH THE PADRES IN CALIFORNIA.

IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Cloth, 392 pages. Price, \$3.00 net. Little, Brown & Co.

MOST people know of the old missions of California in an indefinite way, associating them vaguely with picturesque ruins, odd-looking furniture, and the long-drawn-out Pious Fund case. To them, and even to those acquainted with the main facts in one of the most impressive chapters in the history of the United States, this volume will come with all the interest of novelty. Mr. James, who has already established himself as an authority on all matters concerning the Indians of the Southwest, has approached his task *con amore*, has ransacked all available records for information, and has assembled his material with an eye keen both to the true and the interesting.

The result is a vivid narrative in which justice is done to the memory of the self-sacrificing padres who devoted their lives to the economic as well as the spiritual uplifting of the Indians of Alta California; to the Indians themselves, and to the colonial activities of Spain, the merits of which have only lately been gaining recognition. Mr. James does, it is true, draw too sharp a contrast between the treatment of the Indians by the padres and by the Government and people of the United States, and his enthusiasm for the ecclesiastical pioneers of the past leads him perhaps to unduly broad generalizations. But his book is undoubtedly a notable addition to our historical literature, and viewed whether as

history pure and simple, as an indictment of our Indian policy, or as a contribution to the study of American art, will be found of distinct value.

Of its thirty-seven chapters, twenty-seven are occupied with the history of the various missions, a preliminary general survey being followed by a detailed account of the score and more institutions brought into existence by the energy of Serra, Pallou, Garcés, and their coworkers. Of this portion of the book the *New York Post* justly says: "Especially valuable are his chapters dealing with the condition of the Indians before the padres came up from Mexico under Serra's leadership in 1768, during the sixty years of progress under the leadership of the Franciscans, and after the missions were secularized and looted under Alvarado and his predecessors in the governor's office." Then follow four chapters on mission architecture, decorations, furniture, etc., which, to quote from the *Post* again, "will prove of new interest." For instance, it will astonish many to learn that no "mission style" of furniture ever existed, and that the only "mission style" pertains to architecture. In architecture, Mr. James shows, the padres were true originators, whereas in the making of furniture, as in decorating, they simply imitated and adapted—as the illustrations prove—in a great variety of ways. The study is brought to a close by five chapters on miscellaneous subjects, including an account of the Pious Fund case and some directive material for the benefit of prospective tourists.

"A fascinating and instructive work," is the verdict of the *New York Tribune*, a verdict which reflects critical opinion generally. "The present volume," declares *The Argonaut*, "stands as the authority on the old missions of California," while the *New York Sun* points out that "the book contains a mass of information about an attractive civilization that it would be difficult to find elsewhere," and the *Chicago Inter Ocean* assures its readers that Mr. James "writes with authority."

A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Edited by C. W. C. Oman, M.A. In six volumes. Vol. II., England under the Normans and Angevins. By H. W. C. Davis; Vol. IV., England under the Tudors. By Arthur D. Innes; Vol. V., England under the Stuarts. By G. M. Trevelyan. Maps. Cloth. Price, \$3.00 net per volume. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WE have hitherto refrained from commenting on this new cooperative history of England for the reason that we wished to have available sufficient volumes to warrant an opinion on the probable merits and shortcomings of the work as a whole. The name of Professor Oman as editor induced in us confidence in the general success of the enterprise, a confidence which was increased by the remarkably brilliant performance of Mr. Trevelyan, the author of the first volume to appear. But it was impossible to believe that, however capable the writers might be, they could impart to the completed work the stamp of homogeneity visible in the productions of a single master-mind, and now that the history has progressed so far we feel justified in warning our readers that, like all its predecessors and contemporaries constructed on the co-operative plan, it is destined to prove deficient in point of philosophic unity. At the same time we may say, with no less certitude, that it will possess uncommon literary distinction and should find a wide field for usefulness not only as a work of reference, but as a "popular" history.

Indeed, it is difficult to recall any similar undertaking in which the fundamental requisites of the art of history-writing have been so admirably met. Unanimity of viewpoint can not be expected, any more than uniformity of style. But Messrs. Davis, Innes, and Trevelyan meet on common ground in the belief that, to write history successfully, the historian must so combine and present the facts at his command that his narrative shall palpitate with actuality, and the reader be enabled to perceive clearly the constant flow of causation and sequence persisting beneath the ever-changing phenomena of personages and events. This belief, which constitutes the basic principle of the philosophico-picturesque school, obviously can find adequate expression only through the media of writers of philosophic and artistic, as well as scholarly gifts of mind; and, perhaps as much as anything else, it is the dearth of such writers that has gained credence for the opposite view that history must be considered a science and treated accordingly. Of late the "scientific" historians have had things much their own way; but the appearance of such volumes as the three before us is a significant indication that the picturesque school is at last coming into its own again.

Of the three, the palm for literary quality, if not for scholarship, must be awarded to Mr. Trevelyan, who, by the way, is a grand-nephew of Macaulay, and writes largely from the Macaulayan point of view and with not a little of the Macaulayan vigor. As *The Outlook* said at the time of the publication of his volume: "Appreciative of the evolutionary aspect and the essential unity of history, he develops at the outset the thesis on which his entire monograph rests—that the significance of the Stuart epoch lies in the fact that whereas the Continental peoples of Europe attained nationality only through military despotism the English people under the Stuarts solved the same problem unconsciously through a free constitution, manifesting and vindicating itself in the face of monarchical despotism. Stress is logically laid on principles." In the pages of Mr. Davis and Mr. Innes the emphasis is likewise on principles, and if neither is the stylistic equal of Mr. Trevelyan, neither need yield to him in scholarship. The method pursued by Mr. Davis in dealing with the Norman and Angevin eras is, as may be imagined, the reverse of that followed by its most famous historian, the lamented Freeman, from whom, it may be added, Mr. Davis dissents on some important points. But to the student, as to the general reader, the Davis treatment, praised by *The Athenæum* as combining an entertaining style with mastery of sources,

can not fail to prove more attractive than the sledge-hammer treatment practised by Professor Freeman. Mr. Innes's contribution is perhaps the most original. It certainly contains the clearest-cut portraits.

Were we to undertake the task of pointing out in detail the shortcomings of the various volumes, we should dwell in the case of "England under the Normans and Angevins" on the inadequacy of the survey of the reorganization effected by the Conqueror, the virtual neglect of economic development, and the curious carelessness in handling proper names; in the case of "England under the Tudors," on the lack of appreciation of the factors combining to retard English discovery and exploration in the New World, the inconsistency of Mr. Innes's views respecting the English Reformation and the Marian persecutions, the fallacy of his "self-deception" theory of Henry's attitude in the matter of the divorce and its momentous consequences, and the errors in his appraisal of Elizabeth; finally, in the case of Mr. Trevelyan's book, we should feel obliged to call attention to certain defects in the treatment of the first Charles, Cromwell, Laud, and Strafford, to the cursory dismissal of economic matters, and, more especially, of the growth of England's overseas possessions, and to the imperfect elucidation of the importance of the reign of Anne.

But, whatever their defects, all three may, in fine, be safely recommended to the student who would learn what the latest research has to teach him, and to the educated public who, though no more than the student, desire history served in an entertaining way.

A NOVEL OF INDUSTRIALISM.

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS. By H. E. Mitchell Keays. Cloth, 319 pages. Price, \$1.50. McClure, Phillips & Co.

IN "The Work of Our Hands," H. E. Mitchell Keays, with large outlook and wide sweep, shows a strange working out of destiny. Albeit her characters are only society and working folk of an everyday manufacturing city, she so swings the particular into the universal, so snatches the significant from the irrelevant, that we realize with new pity and terror that tragedy stalks in the frivolous and fleeting life about us.

Christie Bronsart, the strong man who dominates the story, always gets his own way. He might be a composite of two or three of our great modern oligarchs of finance. He has a strain of the silk-soft artistic temperament; he is a connoisseur in emotions, a trafficker in sensations. He has also a streak of the blue-steel business temperament; he can drive a rival out of business into beggary, and then make terms with his conscience by running a fashionable church.

His dreams have all come true. He has wealth, position, a brilliant son and daughter, a beautiful and accomplished daughter-in-law. And this young woman, by the way, is the last and fondest treasure—an only and beloved daughter—swept from an honorable rival whose bankruptcy, compassed by the unscrupulous Bronsart, has been the firm foundation of that financier's fortune.

Yet this very affluence, this loading of his own family with luxury, proves Bronsart's final undoing. The lovely daughter-in-law, from whom knowledge of the shameful mistreatment of her father has been kept by the latter himself, finally learns of the iniquity that robbed him, and hastened her mother's death. The blood of the Covenanters in her veins has long been rebelling at the dawdling Vanity Fair of her life. She breaks with her husband, and torn by her scorn, and in the hope of regaining her love, he too leaves his luxurious life to try to learn something of the life of those toilers ever in the mind of his absent wife. In his quest he is mangled and brought to death's door by an accident in one of the factories that have built up the Bronsart wealth. To add to the sorrows of the house Bronsart's daughter, a wilful, wayward, selfish girl, finding her affection scorned by a young John the Baptist, to whom she is only a shell of humanity; hating the burden of her riches; knowing nothing of the solace of working for others, turns to enter a nunnery, leaving her father humiliated by his daughter's unrequited love and crushed by her living burial.

So, his home a wreck, his name fated to die out, his riches an incubus, Christie Bronsart, who has had his own way to the uttermost, is thwarted through the blood and teaching of the man he has most injured, and is defeated by the ideals he has defied.

The critics, generally, take a favorable view of the work. The New York Tribune says: "It is a strong story, given a little overmuch to preachment, perhaps, but full of well-individualized types who act more as people do in real life than they are wont to do in fiction"; and the Philadelphia Inquirer affirms that "the book contains an admirable exposition of the problems which are met in American society." The New York Sun points out that the treatment, "if at times hysterical and sentimental," is "earnest and sincere." On the other hand, The Living Age deems "The Work of Our Hands" "incoherent, hysterical, and indelicate."

A ROMANCE OF OLD VERSAILLES.

No. 101. By Wymond Carey. Illustrated. Cloth. 378 pages. Price, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"NO. 101" is not, as its title might suggest, a detective novel of the Gaboriau or Conan Doyle order. It contains, to be sure, a strong element of the mysterious, being constructed around the interesting circumstance that unpublished MS. despatches in the Record Office of the British Museum show that on several occasions the British Government obtained important French state secrets through an agent known only as "No. 101," whose identity has never been revealed. But the book is primarily a historical romance of the France of Louis XV., with the action oc-

curring in the era of Fontenoy and the futile Jacobite uprising. The author, we understand, is a well-known Oxford scholar, who has adopted the *nom de plume* "Wymond Carey" through unwillingness to let his learned associates know him as a writer of fiction, his specialty being the study of history and constitutional law. In the present instance, it is quite evident that he has allowed himself considerable liberties with the facts of history, and has explored the fascinating memoirs of the period with more enthusiasm than critical zeal. But in view of the capital tale he has produced, the reviewer can not but readily forgive him.

Briefly, his story has to do in the main with the intriguing to which the notorious "Madame de Pompadour" resorted, first to gain the favor of Louis, and then to hold it. As the story is told, it is she who enlists the reader's sympathies rather than the great ladies and titled gentry of the court, who moved heaven and earth to bring about her downfall; and even more than the actual heroine, a *grande demoiselle*, whose vacillations drive her lover, the hero, to despair, and, incidentally, into an alliance with the Pompadour. It speedily develops that his own as well as Madame's salvation depends upon discovering and checkmating the spy and traitor "No. 101," through whom every project of the king is revealed to the eager British. Consequently we are treated to a long series of adventures, each a trifle more sensational than its predecessor, but all quite convincing. Like most heroes of historical romance Mr. Carey's hero, the Vicomte de Nérac, is exceeding gallant but somewhat dense, continually falling into unnecessary scrapes from which he extricates himself with no less celerity. But he is an attractive figure, and the reader who undertakes to follow him in the quest for "No. 101" will steadily grow more interested as the unnamed agent of the enemies of France eludes alike the spies of Louis, the servants of the court, and the tireless champion of the unnamed ruler of Louis, Versailles, and France.

To this opinion most of the critics incline, pronouncing the work far above the average level of its kind. The Brooklyn Eagle deems it "especially noteworthy for the skill with which the plot is worked out." "Entertaining," says The Outlook; "thrilling," the Philadelphia North American, and "most original," the Baltimore Sun. On the other hand, the New York Times Saturday Review declares that as a tale of mystery the story "lacks coherency," but admits that "it has enough romantic interest and picturesque detail to carry the not too exigent reader quite pleasantly and excitingly along."

SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

MR. HERBERT MYRICK, editor and publisher of several agricultural journals, has produced in "Cache la Poudre" (Orange Judd Company, \$1.50) a really unique novel of life in the Far West when that region could properly be called the "Wild West." His plot is of the simplest, his language crude, and his construction awkward, but there is about the book a flavor of sincerity and intimate knowledge that holds the interest even of those who may be disposed to regard it as a dime novel in pretentious garb. The picture is one of cowboy life, with all that entails, and in the closing chapters the massacre of Custer and his command figures prominently. Incidentally the reader learns from the "explanatory notes" with which the work is equipped, that the last word on the Custer massacre is far from said, and that Mr. Myrick hopes to be able ere long to increase our knowledge of the circumstances surrounding it. His novel is profusely and strikingly illustrated from photographs.

THOSE who know "The Gentle Reader" will recall Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers as a man of happy conceits, of a quaint humor, and of a genial and sound philosophy. These qualities savor his new book of essays, "The Pardoner's Wallet" (Houghton, \$1.25 net), which, like its predecessor, is altogether delightful reading. Dealing with topics seemingly remote from one another, all of the essays are nevertheless related in so far as "they treat of aspects of human nature, which, while open to friendly criticism, are excusable." Unlike the fourteenth-century pardoner immortalized by Chaucer, Dr. Crothers would not carry in his wallet pardons authoritatively sealed and signed. Instead he brings "only tentative suggestions concerning things pardonable." He has pardons for the overworked conscience, for the "unco guid," for the narrow-minded, even for the ne'er-do-weel. And when he rebukes, as rebuke he occasionally must, he does it in the gentlest way imaginable. All in all, "The Pardoner's Wallet" should win for its author a host of new friends.

IN these days of railing against the evils of municipal government in the United States, it is refreshing to find a writer who will draw attention to the other side of the shield. Mr. Charles Zueblin's "A Decade of Civic Development" (University of Chicago Press, \$1.35) is a vivid portrayal of the progress visible in the life of our cities during the past few years. It is perhaps too early yet to write of the "civic renaissance" with the enthusiasm Mr. Zueblin displays, but certainly there have been of late many encouraging signs of a steady uplift morally, socially, and intellectually. These, in so far as they have taken concrete form, are assembled by him in a series of papers discussing civic development in general and the civic development of New York, Boston, Washington, and Harrisburg in particular. He writes of the city beautiful, of university, school, and library extension, of the social settlement, of the park movement, and of many another effort looking to make better Americans of the dwellers in our cities. The illustrations besprinkling his book are also calculated to inspire a lively optimism.

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CURRENT POETRY

To a Buddha Seated on a Lotus.

BY SAROJINI NAIDU.

With futile hands we seek to gain
Our inaccessible desire,
Diviner summits to attain,
With faith that sinks and feet that tire;
But naught shall conquer or control
The heavenward hunger of our soul.

The end, elusive and afar,
Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
A session of the Infinite.
How shall we reach the great unknown
Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne?

—From *The Academy* (London).

Four Poems by the Late Laurence Hope.—

The following excerpts from Laurence Hope's "Last Poems" (John Lane Company) have an added interest from the fact that they appear just after the author's tragic death. When "India's Love Lyrics" and "Stars of the Desert" caught the attention of the poetry-reading public, the identity of the writer remained hidden for some time behind her pen name. Some months ago, however, it was announced that Laurence Hope was the wife of General Malcolm Nicolson, of the British army in India, and almost at the same time came the information that she had committed suicide, through grief over the death of her husband. The first poem here quoted evidently fore-shadows her act:

DEDICATION TO MALCOLM NICOLSON.

I, who of lighter love wrote many a verse,
Made public never words inspired by thee,
Lest strangers' lips should carelessly rehearse
Things that were sacred and too dear to me.

Thy soul was noble; through these fifteen years
Mine eyes familiar found no fleck nor flaw.
Stern to thyself, thy comrades' faults and fears
Proved generosity thine only law.

Small joy was I to thee; before we met
Sorrow had left thee all too sad to save,
Useless my love—as vain as this regret
That pours my hopeless life across thy grave.

ASHORE.

Out I came from the dancing-place:
The night-wind met me face to face—

A wind off the harbor, cold and keen,
"I know," it whistled, "where thou hast been."

A faint voice fell from the stars above—
"Thou? whom we lighted to shrines of Love!"

I found when I reached my lonely room
A faint sweet scent in the unlit gloom.

And this was the worst of all to bear,
For some one had left white lilac there—
The flower you loved in times that were.

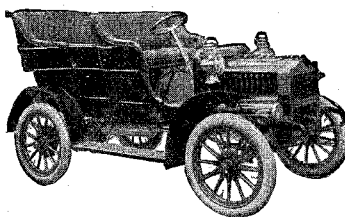
KRISTNA AND HIS FLUTE.

Be still, my heart, and listen,
For sweet and yet acute
I hear the wistful music
Of Khristna and his flute.
Across the cool, blue evenings,
Throughout the burning days,
Persuasive and beguiling,
He plays and plays and plays.

Ah, none may hear such music
Resistant to its charms,
The household work grows weary,
And cold the husband's arms.
I must arise and follow,
To seek, in vain pursuit,
The blueness and the distance,
The sweetness of that flute!

In linked and liquid sequence,
The plaintive notes dissolve
Divinely tender secrets
That none but he can solve.

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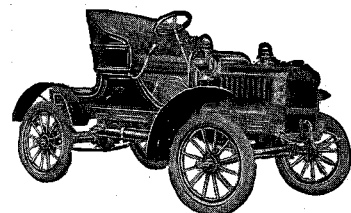
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O, Khristna, I am coming,
I can no more delay,
"My heart has flown to join thee,"
How shall my footsteps stay?
Beloved, such thoughts have peril;
The wish is in my mind
That I had fired the jungle,
And left no leaf behind—
Burnt all bamboos to ashes,
And made their music mute,—
To save thee from the magic
Of Khristna and his flute.

MY DESIRE.

Fate has given me many a gift
To which men most aspire,
Lovely, precious, and costly things,
But not my heart's desire.

Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his soul would be.
Mine is a low veranda'd house
In a tope beside the sea.

Over the roof tall palms should wave,
Swaying from side to side.
Every night we should fall asleep
To the rhythm of the tide.

The dawn should be gay with song of birds
And the stir of fluttering wings.
Surely the joy of life is hid
In simple and tender things!

At eve the waves would shimmer with gold
In the rosy sunset rays;
Emerald velvet flats of rice
Would rest the landward gaze.

A boat must rock at the laterite steps
In a reef-protected pool,
For we should sail through the starlit night
When the winds were calm and cool.

GRAND TO LIVE

And the Last Laugh is Always the Best.

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman—"now I laugh to know there is.

"Since childhood I drank coffee as freely as any other member of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl, and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter at the age of 38 I seemed to be on the verge of consumption. My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting.

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they enquire what brought it about, I answer 'Postum Food Coffee, and nothing else in the world.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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Model F Touring Car, 28-32 H. P. Price, \$3,000

NOW that the great automobile shows of New York and Chicago are at an end, thousands of prospective buyers are debating the salient points of one car as compared with another; doubtless wondering in greatest perplexity why each enthusiastic salesman insists upon the fact that his car is the best.

Permit us to suggest that in regard to extreme accuracy and scientific painstaking in both design and construction there is little or no material difference between the products of several of the more reputable and substantial builders. The buying public has but one great, important consideration to fall back upon—**reputation**. The first and last essential in automobile buying is the **reputation** of the manufacturer back of the machine.

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Its folly and fret and care.
Find me a little scented home
Amongst thy loosened hair.

Give me a soft and secret place
Against thine amber breast,
Where, hidden away from all mankind,
My soul may come to rest.

Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his life might be;
Mine is a lovely, lonely place
With sunshine and the sea.

PERSONAL.

A Story of Matthew Arnold.—A curious story, which the Springfield *Republican* thinks has escaped the biographers of Matthew Arnold, and which concerns both him and the late Archbishop Temple, has lately been told in regard to Arnold's undergraduate days at Oxford:

Matthew Arnold got leave, at the last moment, to take in logic for responsions instead of Euclid, which he could never master. The day before the examination he went to Jowett, who was his master, and asked how he could learn the subject in time, as he was wholly ignorant of it. Jowett said his only chance was to go to Temple, and see if he would try and teach him in one day. Temple consented, and starting about 9 o'clock in the morning, talked continuously, allowing two pauses of half an hour each for meals, till past 2 o'clock the next morning. Arnold had been provided with paper, but took no notes. He lay back in his chair, with the tips of his fingers together, saying, from time to time, "What wonderful fellows they were!" Soon after 2 o'clock A.M. Temple sent Arnold away to get some sleep; after which he satisfied the examiners in logic. He answered every question.

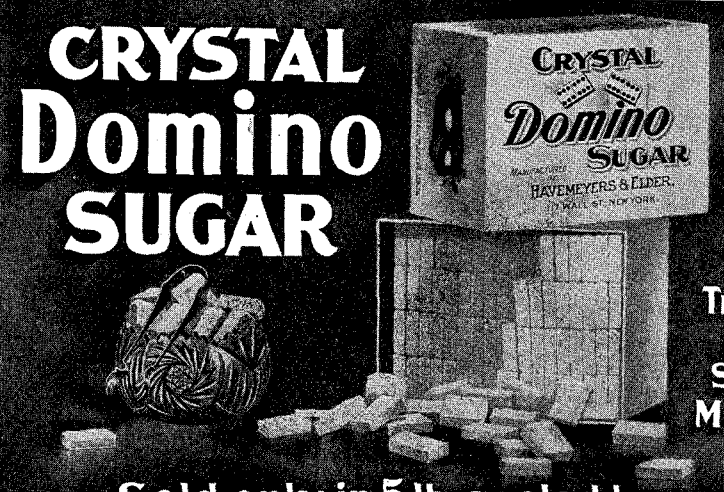
A Bishop in the West.—Bishop E. Talbot, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, tells in *Harper's Magazine* (March) of some of his amusing experiences when he was first sent west as missionary Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho. Here is his account of his visit to a peculiarly tough mining town:

As I walked down the street I saw advancing toward me an elegantly dressed gentleman, with large diamonds shining upon his spotless linen. There were seven saloons in a row. As I drew near my handsome young friend and was about to extend my hand, he surveyed me, concluded I was a parson and might wish to interview him on some subject with which he was not familiar, and suddenly disappeared into one of the saloons.

Twice defeated, I went back to the hotel, and asked Colonel Burns, the proprietor, to let me have some large writing-paper. In bold hand I wrote out a few notices. I announced that, as Bishop of Idaho, I had come to the camp, and would preach the next morning, Sunday, at eleven o'clock and in the evening at eight; that both services would be in the dance-hall. All were cordially invited to attend. Then the Colonel let me have some tacks. I soon discovered that my method of advertising was not likely to be successful. What more could I do? As I walked by the saloons, I observed that they were full of men. If only I were not a bishop, I reflected, the problem would be easy of solution; for then I could go into the saloons where the men are and deliver my invitation in person; but how would it look for a bishop to visit such places, even with the best of motives? At last I became desperate. I selected the first saloon in the row. I went in. I introduced myself to the proprietor. I told him I was the Bishop of Idaho and had come in to pay my respects to him. He met me very cordially. "Why, Bishop, I am proud to know you. What will you have?"

I thanked him and told him I should be greatly indebted to him if he would kindly introduce me to those gentlemen, pointing to a large room back of the saloon, where the men were gathered. "Do you mean the boys in the poolroom?" he asked. "Yes, I presume I do." Thereupon he came out from behind the counter, put his arm in mine in a familiar way, as though we had been boon companions all our lives, and escorted me to the open door of the poolroom. "Boys," he exclaimed, "hold up the game. Put up

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IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR". NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.

Balance a Dollar

Shooting an apple from a boy's head is a steady job. If an engine shakes under a heavy load, it is a matter of time only, until something lets go.

We are now speaking especially of high speed engines, although the same holds good with all.



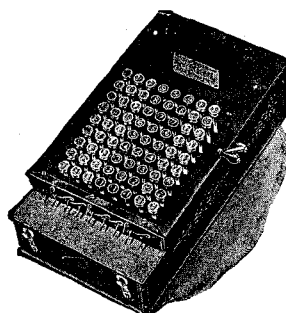
A perfect engine would be one without noise or vibration *absolutely*. We have never built a perfect engine in all these eighteen years. But Ideal engines (all high speed) border so closely onto perfection that a silver dollar will stand upon the cylinder and one can scarcely hear a sound under test. They run in oil, using their lubricants over and over. Ideal engines are built for general power purposes. They are built in all sizes and many styles. The Ideal compound direct connected are extremely popular for electrical purposes on account of fuel saving, simplicity and regulation.

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Our New Model Duplex Comptometer will surprise you. It is as far ahead of the Old Model as the Old Model was ahead of mental work.

Some repeat orders. Why did they buy more?

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the chips, just a minute. This is the Bishop right among us, and he wants to be introduced." With a politeness and courtesy which would have done credit to any drawing-room in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, the men rose from their seats and welcomed me. I said briefly: "Excuse me, gentlemen; I do not wish to interfere with your pleasure or your amusement. I have just come in to pay my respects to you. I am the Bishop, and am going to hold services in the dance-hall to-morrow morning at eleven and in the evening at eight, and I shall be very glad to see you there." I remember that one of them, evidently speaking in a representative capacity, thanked me for letting them know, and asked me again the hour, and assured me they would all be present. In this way I visited all the seven saloons in the row.

The First of the Suffragists.—Susan B. Anthony, who died in Rochester, N. Y., on March 13, of heart failure, was a pioneer of the cause of woman suffrage and a tireless worker for what she considered to be the best interests of womankind. Miss Anthony was born at South Adams, Mass., on February 15, 1820. Her active participation in the movement for woman-suffrage dates back to the fifties. Rheta Childe Dorr, in an article published in the New York *Evening Post* a few weeks ago, gives this intimate view of Miss Anthony:

Out of her long life of constant struggle and anxiety, during which for many years her portion was abuse, hatred, ridicule, and aspersion, Susan B. Anthony has reaped only optimism. Not the optimism of the enthusiast, the fanatic, who wraps in the mantle of an idea and refuses to look at the rest of the world of ideas. Hers is the clear-sighted, sure optimism of genius that sees very far ahead and is satisfied.

Just why Miss Anthony more than all the other early advocates of woman-suffrage was picked out for personal abuse is not clear at the present time. No one who knows her can understand it. No woman of her dignity, sweetness, and gracious womanliness could ever have been the unsexed virago described in

TOOTHsome SALADS

Promote Health and Please Palate.

A lover of good living writes from Chicago:

"The favorite salads in my family," he says, "are prepared with Grape-Nuts, according to your recipes. We regard them as unapproachable. We are also fond of Grape-Nuts with cream as a breakfast food, and use it daily.

"I was a great sufferer for years," he continues, "from stomach trouble, which gave rise to painful headaches, and I was at last completely prostrated and bed-ridden with ulceration of the stomach and bowels. I suffered untold agonies while the doctors were trying to cure my ailment with medicines.

"I could retain nothing on my stomach but an occasional sip of cold water, or a teaspoonful of olive oil, and at last even these could not be kept down. The doctors then gave me up—said there was no hope for me.

"In this strait my good angel induced me to try Grape-Nuts food, and it may sound ludicrous to say of the initial experiment that the sensation was simply 'heavenly,' but nothing milder than that will express it.

"My recovery was rapid and in a very few days I was up and about, and in a few weeks was a perfectly well man again. And it was all the work of the Grape-Nuts food, for, as I have said, the doctors had ceased to give me medicine, considering my case hopeless.

"Since then Grape-Nuts has been, and always shall be a staple article of diet with us." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

I AM going to make a very plain, firm assertion: Life insurance isn't designed to make money for *you*; but for your family.

It has been talked as an investment so long that its protection has been lost sight of entirely.

I want to interest the manhood that *wants* to see how surely the welfare of loved ones can be secured; who thinks more of that than of himself.

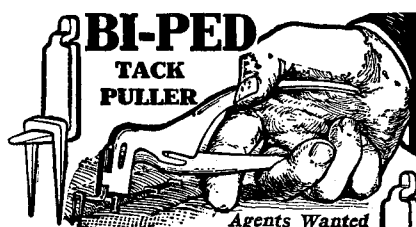
Candidly I think—in fact I *know*, and so do you if you dwell on it a moment—that the man who considers life insurance as something to speculate with, to buy according to the prospect it has of returning gain to *him*, doesn't know the real good there is in insurance. He won't know it until he considers his family first.

And I want men who have care-of-the-family on their minds to write direct to me, and tell me what they'd *like* to do and what they think they *can* do. Like-to-do and can-do aren't so far apart as you'd think. I'll write them back personally relative to a plan for protection of their families which they can start with and keep up with not a bit of inconvenience.

"The nobility of manhood is loving in life and providing in death." Write direct to me.

John T. Atcock
PRESIDENT

Washington Life Insurance Company
139 Broadway, New York

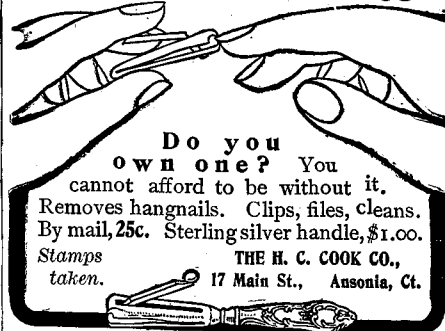


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Agents Wanted
One Foot for Matting Tacks
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The only tool that lifts tacks easily, quickly, without damage to carpets, matting or tacks. Made of best steel, on simple lever principle—everlasting. Feet changed instantly, using only the fingers. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents, also a Kangaroo Trick Lock, Free, and a Package of Interesting Matter and Samples of Specialties.

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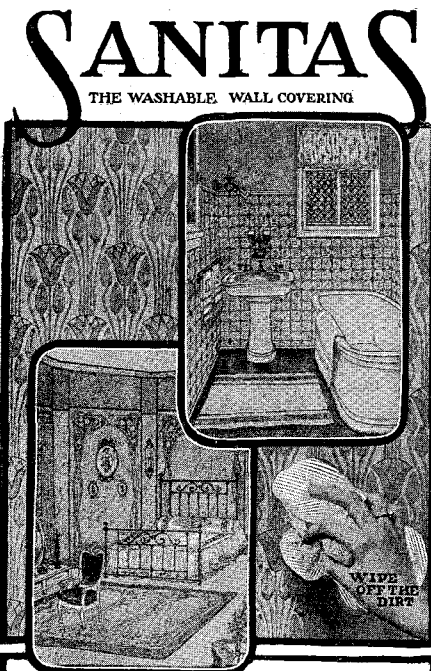
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were designed by the Sanitas
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Sanitas possesses the purity of marble with all the richness and warmth of modern wall paper added. It is wall covering perfected; the first great aid in making the Home Ideal. Sanitas is dust-proof and crack-proof and stain-proof; it can't discolor and will not fade. It is always fresh and sanitary and is perfectly cleaned with a damp cloth.

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Sanitas is the modern thing in wall covering. Sanitas is printed in non-fading oil colors on a cloth foundation. It comes in enameled tiles, also in all the soft tones, subdued shades and rich colorings of the best wall paper, it is hung just like wall paper, costs no more and lasts much longer.

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It comes in the widest range of artistic patterns and colorings, and every yard is absolutely guaranteed. Same price as unguaranteed makes.

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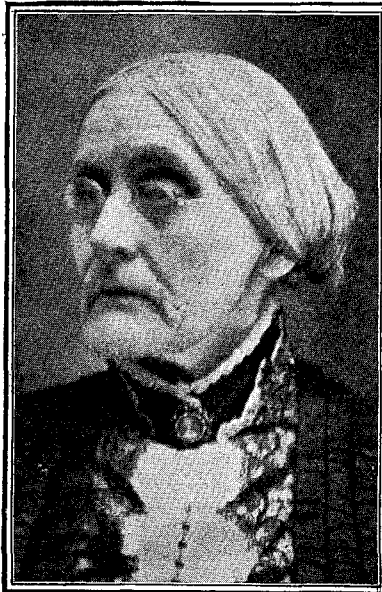
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the newspapers of forty years ago. It is possible that the fact of her being unmarried had something to do with it. In her youth it was a disgrace and a humiliation to be an "old maid." Mrs. Stanton, for example, was a persistent fighter, as radical a thinker, and in every way as prominently in public life. She had the backing of a husband, and was treated with a degree of respect in consequence.

A single instance will illustrate. A convention was called in 1867 in Lawrence, Kan., and friends of the suffrage movement were asked to entertain the visitors. The woman who was asked to entertain Mrs. Stanton was overjoyed at the prospect and made great preparations, in spite of the fact that she had illness in the family. At the last moment she received word that Mrs. Stanton had found relatives in town with whom she would stay, and that Miss Anthony would come in her place. Her own account of her disap-



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

pointment is interesting. "I hastily put on my bonnet and shawl, saying, 'I don't want Miss Anthony, and I won't have her, and I'm going to tell Governor Robinson so.' At the gate I met a dignified, Quaker-looking lady, with a small satchel and a black-and-white shawl on her arm. Offering her hand, she said: 'I am Miss Anthony, and I have been sent to you for entertainment during the convention.' I have often wondered if Miss Anthony remembers my confusion and the apologies I stammered out about no help, sickness in the family, no spare room, and how I was just on my way to tell Governor Robinson that I could not entertain any one. Half disarmed by her genial manner and frank, kindly face, I led the way into the house and said I would have her stay to tea, and then we would see what further arrangements could be made. While I was looking after tea Miss Anthony won the hearts of the babies; and seeing the door of my sick sister's room open, she went in, and in a short time had so won the heart and soothed instead of excited the nervous invalid, entertaining her with accounts of the outside world from which she had been so long off, that by the time tea was over I was ready to do anything if Miss Anthony would only stay with us."

Of Miss Anthony's home life we read:

At the peaceful home in Rochester, provided for her years ago by devoted friends, she spends the greater part of her time very quietly, but never idly. Miss Mary Anthony, her scarcely less admirable sister, keeps house, with the assistance of one maid, and Susan occupies herself with an immense correspondence, with reading and sewing. She is a great reader of newspapers, the drift of events the world over interesting her constantly.

Of course she has many visitors. People from all over the country—all over the world, in fact—call on her. It must be often wearisome to the tired woman, but her hospitality is always generous, and she is deeply appreciative of the homage which is shown her now, in ironical contrast to the calumny of other days. She sometimes is heard to remark that it would please

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The ZINN is simplicity itself—just two parts, the holder and blade. It cannot get out of order, is easily cleaned and will last a lifetime—a clean, close, easy shave in less than five minutes always and the tenderest skin and toughest beard cannot interfere with its perfect action.

The keen wafer blade is the success of this marvelous device—no stopping, no honing, and comfort and rest assured. You get 24 blades with the set, which should shave the average man one year.

2 DOZEN NEW BLADES, \$1.00

Hundreds of letters in every day's mail give proof of the universal popularity of this razor—

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THE LEADING DEALER IN YOUR CITY SELLS THE ZINN—IF YOURS DOES NOT, WRITE US DIRECT.

Razor and 24 blades, complete in handsome morocco case sent postpaid for thirty days' trial on receipt of \$5.00. We agree, if you so request, to return the \$5.00 to you at end of 30 days on receipt of the razor.

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her better if the enthusiasm for her personally could be turned to the cause she is devoted to. In Washington, where she went to be present at a celebration of her birthday a week or so back, a letter from the President was read aloud. "Let me join in congratulating Miss Susan B. Anthony on the occasion of her eighty-sixth birthday and extend my best wishes to her upon her continued good health."

Miss Anthony's smile had a faint suggestion of sarcasm in it. "I wish," she said, with gentle asperity, "that the men would do something besides extend congratulations. I have asked President Roosevelt to push the matter of a constitutional amendment allowing suffrage to women by a recommendation to Congress. I would rather have him say a word to Congress for the cause than to praise me endlessly."

Leader of German Radicals.—The death of Eugen Richter, in Berlin last week, removes, says the *New York Tribune*, "one of Germany's historical figures and one of the last remaining of the Bismarckian age." Mr. Richter, who had become well known as a politician and publicist, was born in Düsseldorf in 1838. In 1871 he became a member of the Reichstag, in which he remained the rest of his life. He was the first leader of the Radicals and an old opponent of Bismarck's. *The Tribune* says of him:

He was one of the two men whom the great Chancellor considered worthy opponents in the Reichstag, and, indeed, was perhaps more widely and constantly known as Bismarck's political foe than Windthorst. He was far and away the ablest of all the Radical leaders in the empire, and by his ability and character commanded the unflinching respect of even those who most strongly resisted his democratic teachings. The leader of opposition to the Government for a whole generation, he practised higher arts than mere railing and obstruction, and by his intelligent and suggestive criticism often contributed much to constructive legislation. It would not be easy to estimate his actual influence upon the progress of affairs in Germany. That it was very great in the development of radical and republican principles and in the spread of the free-trade propaganda is scarcely to be questioned. He never succeeded in defeating Bismarck, nor in breaking down the protective policy, however, nor was his opposition to Socialism effective in checking the growth of that "heresy," as he called it. But he was a great force in German politics and in the public press, and the fine scholarship of his speeches and writings—he was educated at Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin—gives them a permanent value in the literature of German politics and political economy.

He Knew His Lesson.—Frederick of Prussia, it is said, had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. This fact is the basis of the following story from *Judge's Magazine*:

One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once consented.

"But unless you can speak German the King will not give you so much."

"Oh, be jabbers," said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "these you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say 'twenty-seven'; next, how long you have been in the service; you must

TIME-SAVING IN LANGUAGE-STUDY.

In this age of short-cuts, of ingenious devices for saving every possible moment of time and consequently increasing the mental and physical capacity in all lines of effort, the old and laborious methods of Language-Study, in which the wearisome memorizing of dry rules and declensions stood as a severe barrier to the prospective student, are being rapidly replaced by the simple and natural system made possible by the Language-Phone. Those who desire to enjoy the great advantage of a knowledge of one or more of the important modern foreign languages should not fail to read the interesting full-page advertisement printed elsewhere in this issue.

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PORCELAIN ENAMELED BATHS
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**A MODERN BATHROOM
IS THE KEY TO HOME COMFORT**

In the bathroom are centered the comfort and convenience of the modern home. "Standard" Ware makes the bathroom a delight, a pleasure, a continuous source of pride in possession, and use. The white purity of its china-like surface is sanitary perfection—health insurance for your family—and the first aid in the making of the "Home Ideal." "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories are a necessity to the new home and indispensable in modernizing the old. A house equipped with it is modern and sanitary. Its cost is well within the range of economy, and its beauty will satisfy the most luxurious tastes.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

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"FLEXO" GARTER TEST

We Show Here Three Vital Points.

of "FLEXO" garter construction. No other garter has either of them.

The hand at the right calls attention to our "Flexo" curved plate. This holds the garter in an easy position and permits the clasp portion below to swing freely with every movement of the leg—no friction or rubbing.

To this plate is attached our "Flexo" nicked loop—easily attached—holds firmly—easily detached—no strings or cords to wear out or break.

The hand at the left indicates our "Flexo" button and clasp—lays flat against the leg—cannot come loose—cannot tear the hose.

Either one of these features would warrant our claim of

"Flexo" Garter

superiority. Then, there's that guaranteed elastic webbing we have already told you about.

All progressive haberdashers carry "Flexo." If yours is out, send us his name and 25 cents and we'll supply you. Beautiful ribbed cable silk at 50 cents.

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These are just a few. Send for complete descriptive list of on-hand loans, describing each loan in full. Also send for our booklet "We're Right on the Ground" explaining fully our methods of doing business, etc.

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reply, 'three weeks'; finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations, you answer, 'both.'"

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions.

In three weeks he appeared before the King in review. His Majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "Present arms!"

"How old are you?" said the King.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked his Majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the King.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-house, but pardoned by the King after he understood the facts of the case.

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One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walkt home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.
And then the wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And turned and dodged and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path:
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalkt
Because he wabbled when he walkt.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years past on in swift fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before the men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this:
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By a calf near three centuries dead,
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.
A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach,
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
And do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise wood-gods must laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf!
And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—SAM. WALTER FOSS.

Revenge.—Bridget—"An' how do yez like bein' th' maid av a prima donna?"

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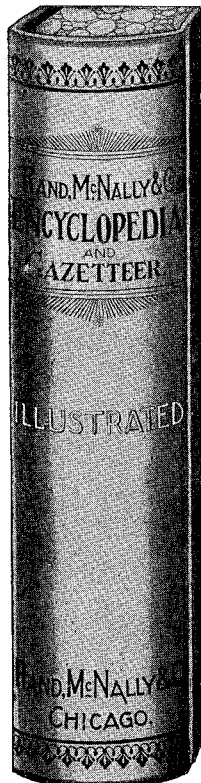
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Mary Ann—"I don't. She treats me like dirt. But I git even wid her."

Bridget—"Phwat do yez do?"

Mary Ann—"I open th' windows an' sing at th' top av me voice. An' all the neighbors think it's her an' that she's gettin' r-r-rotten!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Standing Up for It.—The orchestra, consisting of a violinist and a pianist, stopped to rest, and the chairman of the meeting took occasion to step to the front of the platform to apologize for the poor ventilation of the hall.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know how we have all been suffering for the last fifteen minutes. This bad air—"

"De air is yooost as good as de aggompaniment!" interrupted the indignant violinist, glaring at the piano-player.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Impulses.—"So you can't help stealing?" asked the magistrate, kindly.

"No, your Honor; an impulse comes over me that I can't resist."

"Too bad, too bad! An impulse to send you up for six months is getting hold of me. There, it's got hold. Six months; can't resist. Impulse is a wonderful thing."—*London Mail*.

A Rank Fraud.—Mrs. Nuwed—"Here's the bread I started to make to-day. Isn't it too annoying?"

Mr. Nuwed—"Why, it isn't baked at all."

Mrs. Nuwed—"I know it isn't; that's just it. I put plenty of baking-powder in it, but it doesn't seem to have worked."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The Dream That Failed.—The Boy—"Boo-oo-o! I dreamed last night that our school was burnt down."

The Sympathetic Old Gentleman—"Oh, don't cry, my little lad. I don't believe that. I'm sure it can't be true."

The Boy—"So am I. There's the top o' it over the hill—boo-oo-o!"—*London Sketch*.

Barbarous.—Mrs. Greening—"And what does this statue represent?"

Mrs. Browning—"That is Psyche, executed in terracotta."

Mrs. Greening—"Poor thing! But they are so barbarous in those South-American countries."—*Cleveland Leader*.

William the Epicurean.—Jane—"Ugh! I'm so cold. I wish I was in 'eaven."

William—"I don't. I wish I was in a nice pub."

Jane—"Ain't that just like yer—always wants the best o' everythin'."—*London Sketch*.

Willing to Retire.—A certain prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said; "I'm going home."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

"Back to Nature."—"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer to his (more or less) fair sitter. Click! "It's all over, ma'am. You may resume your natural expression."—*Cleveland Leader*.

A Connoisseur.—Retired Publican (explaining details of his new mansion)—"I'd like to 'ave two statues at the foot of the stairs."

Architect—"What kind of statues would you like?"

Retired Publican—"I'd like Apollo on one side and Apollinaris on the other."—*London Tatler*.

Not Mates.—"When I came of age," said young Mr. Kallow, "I promised mother that I'd never marry until I found the right girl, don't y' know?"

"Yes?" replied Miss Bright.

"Yaas, and you're the right girl."

"Well, now isn't that provoking, for you're the wrong man."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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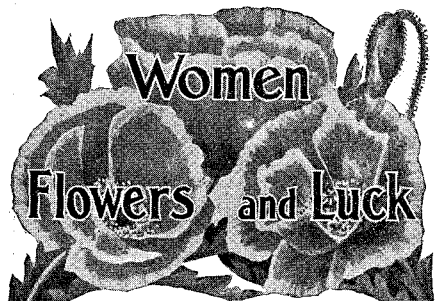
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"Well," rejoined his wife, "you might give up \$25 for my new Easter headgear."

And the good man proceeded to meditate in silence some more.—*Chicago News.*

In a Hurry.—MISS FLANNIGAN: "I will give yez my answer in a month, Pat."

PAT: "That's right, me darlint, tek plinty of time to think about it. But tell me one thing—will it be yes or no?"—*College Mercury* (New York).

Needed a Subject.—MOTHER: "What do you mean by pushing your baby brother down that flight of stairs?"

DOROTHY: "Why, mamma, I've jest joined the society for the first aid to the injured, at school, and I wants a subject to practise on."—*Life.*

"As Others See Us."—OBLIGING MOTORIST (to groom in difficulties with the horses)—"Shall I stop the engine?" GROOM—"Never mind that, sir. But if you gents wouldn't mind jist gettin' out and 'idin't behind the car for a minute— The 'orses think it's a menagery comin'."—*Punch.*

Proof.—"No truer words were ever spoken than these: 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'" said the lecturer.

"Sure thing," piped a voice from the rear of the hall; "we all gave up 50 cents apiece to get in here."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Find.—"See what I got," cried Bobby, a city-bred boy, as he came running in from a chicken coop, holding in his hand a china egg.

"Oh, go put it back," exclaimed Mabel, his six-year-old sister. "That's the egg the hen measures by."—*Judge.*

A Game Story.—They were spinning yarns of the great north woods and finally it came to the old major's turn.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you have all told stories of close calls in the great forests of the North, but I think my yarn will eclipse them all. Would you believe that I was once treed by one of the most ferocious bull moose that ever walked the woods? Well, gentlemen, I was, and to make matters worse my ammunition gave out. As I thought of the loved ones at home tears came in my eyes, rolled down in the palm of my hand and froze hard as marbles. A happy thought flashed through my mind. Taking the frozen tears I rammed them in my gun, blazed away, killed the moose, and then, gentlemen, and then—"

But just then the picture of Ananias fell off the wall.—*Chicago News.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

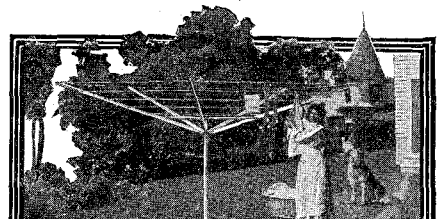
Foreign.

RUSSIA.

March 10.—The Czar appoints a mixed commission to consider the plan for tunneling the Bering Strait and building a railroad connecting Europe and North America.

March 11.—Despatches from St. Petersburg say that the reactionary elements are stirring up a dangerous agitation against the Jews and conservative reform classes.

March 12.—A congress of delegates to the Russian National Assembly and members of the Council, to precede the Douma, is called to meet next month. Father Gapon is arrested in St. Petersburg.



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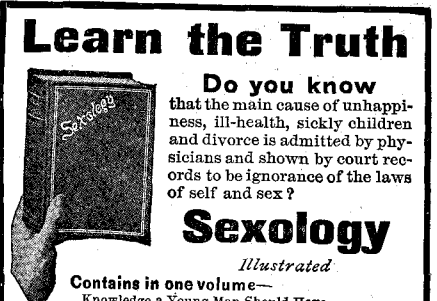
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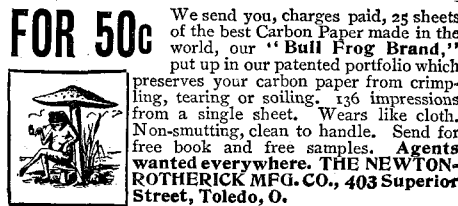
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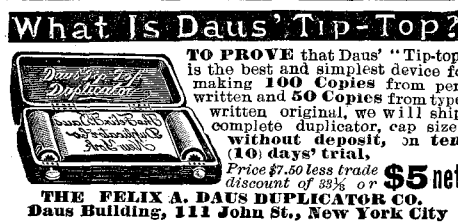
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March 13.—Another general railroad strike is expected at Moscow, and many agrarian disturbances are reported. Russian provincial authorities are ordered to give hearing to all political prisoners within twenty-four hours of their arrest.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

March 9.—Reports from Manila tell of the killing of over 600 Moros by American troops operating at Mount Dajo, near Jolo, in an action lasting from March 6 to 8. The American losses are placed at eighteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

March 10.—Eleven hundred miners are killed by an explosion of gas in the Courrières coal mines, near Bethune, France.

Manuel Quintana, President of the Argentine Republic, dies at Buenos Ayres.

March 12.—A hitch occurs in the negotiations at Algiers owing to France's refusal to accept foreign control of the Franco-Spanish police.

March 13.—The new French Cabinet is announced, with Mr. Sarrien as Premier and Minister of Justice.

March 14.—Chinese troops are called out in Canton to check the rush to purchase shares of the Canton & Hankow Railway.

The new French Ministry announces its intention to carry out the Separation law with "inflexible firmness" and to continue the policy of its predecessor in regard to Morocco.

Domestic.**CONGRESS.**

March 9.—*Senate*: The Statehood bill is passed unanimously, after all reference to Arizona and New Mexico is cut out by a vote of 37 to 35.

March 12.—*Senate*: Senator Tillman (S. C.) attacks the President for his criticism of the coal and oil inquiry resolution.

House: The committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce favorably reports the resolution providing \$50,000 for the railway, oil, and coal inquiry.

March 14.—*Senate*: The Railroad Rate bill is discussed by Senators Rayner, Knox, Aldrich, Lodge, Spooner, Dolliver, Tillman, and others.

March 15.—*Senate*: Senator Tillman presents his report on the Railroad Rate bill, and the recent fight with the Moros is discussed.

House: The Republican caucus on the Statehood bill votes not to concur in the Senate amendments, and the bill is sent to conference. Representative Jones (Va.) denounces the slaughter of women and children in the battle near Jolo, and Mr. Williams reads some verses on the subject called "Charge of the Wood Brigade."

OTHER DOMESTIC NEWS.

March 9.—Ninety-six insurance companies are represented at a hearing at Albany on the bill recommended by the Armstrong Insurance Committee.

Justice Brown announces his intention to retire from the United States Supreme Court in the fall, and the appointment to the vacancy is offered to Secretary Taft.

March 10.—The Interstate Commerce Commission issues its order, under the Tillman-Gillespie resolution for a sweeping investigation of the coal and oil carrying railroads.

March 11.—Anthracite operators refuse the miners' demands, adding, however, that they are willing to continue for three years the agreement expiring on April 1.

Andrew Carnegie promises \$15,000 annually, and as much more as may be required, for a term of years to the Simplified-spelling Board, which is advocating spelling simplification.

March 12.—The United States Supreme Court decides in effect that in proceedings under the Antitrust law witnesses must answer questions and produce books.

March 13.—The subcommittee appointed to investigate hazing at Annapolis reports to the House Committee on Naval Affairs recommending changes in the laws to prevent the practise.

Susan B. Anthony dies at Rochester, N. Y.

March 14.—President Roosevelt commends the conduct of the American troops in the battle at Mount Dajo, and makes public General Wood's report that there was no wanton slaughter of Moro women and children.

It is announced in Pittsburg that President Roosevelt has advised President Mitchell to accept the offer for a renewal of the agreement in the anthracite fields.

March 15.—The special national convention of the United Mine Workers of America, called in an effort to prevent a strike, meets in Indianapolis.

"Judge" Andrew Hamilton makes a violent attack on the trustees of the New York Life before the insurance hearing at Albany, defends the late President J. A. McCall, and advocates a bill that will require a reorganization of the company in November next.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR



In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

The Lexicographer does not answer any questions sent anonymously.

"F. H. C." Melrose, N. Y.—*Are such expressions as 'good grammar' and 'bad grammar' good English? The New York Herald claims they are not and says: 'Good grammar' is one of those cheap vulgarisms which most affect the scholarly ear. . . . A phrase is either grammatical or ungrammatical. It cannot be characterized as either 'good' or 'bad' grammar."

The writer of this based his criticism on a misunderstanding. The word "grammar" is not like the word "orthography," a word made up of *orthos*, correct, and *grapho*, to write. "Grammar" does not carry with it the implication of correctness, and modern grammarians bear this out. Prof. Edward Maetzner, in his "English Grammar: Methodical, Analytical, and Historical," so defines the term: "Grammar, or the doctrine of language, treats of the laws of speech, and, in the first place, of the word as its fundamental constituent, with respect to its matter and its form, in prosody, or the doctrine of sounds, and morphology, or the doctrine of forms, and then of the combination of words in speech, in syntax, or the doctrine of the joining of words and sentences" (Vol. I, p. 12). Syntax is sometimes confused with grammar itself. It is that part of grammar which treats of the sentence and of its construction and embraces, among other features, the doctrine of the collocation of words in sentences in connected speech, treating of their arrangement and relative positions, as required by grammatical connection, euphony, and clearness and energy of expression.

One meaning of grammar recorded by the STANDARD DICTIONARY is "speech or writing considered with regard to its correctness; propriety of linguistic usage; as, He uses *good or bad grammar*." The New English Dictionary, writing on this subject, says: "The old-fashioned definition of grammar as 'the art of speaking and writing a language correctly' is from the modern point of view in one respect too narrow, because it applies only to a portion of this branch of study; in another respect it is too wide, and was so even from the older point of view, because many questions of 'correctness' in language are recognized as outside the province of grammar."

In defining grammar Lindley Murray wrote, "English grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety."

Following the STANDARD's example, Murray gives one of the meanings of grammar as follows: "Speech or writing judged as good or bad according as it conforms to or violates grammatical rules; also speech or writing that is correct according to those rules."

If grammar can not be good or bad, as contended by the New York Herald's correspondent, then it can not be true or false. Yet Dryden wrote: "And I doubt the word *they is false grammar*" (Almanzor ii, Def. Epilogue). And Macaulay wrote of Frederick the Great (Macaulay's "Essays"): "He had German enough to scold his servants, but his *grammar and pronunciation were extremely bad*." Again elsewhere, "The letter may still be read, with all the original *bad grammar and bad spelling*" ("History of England," IV. xviii., 245).

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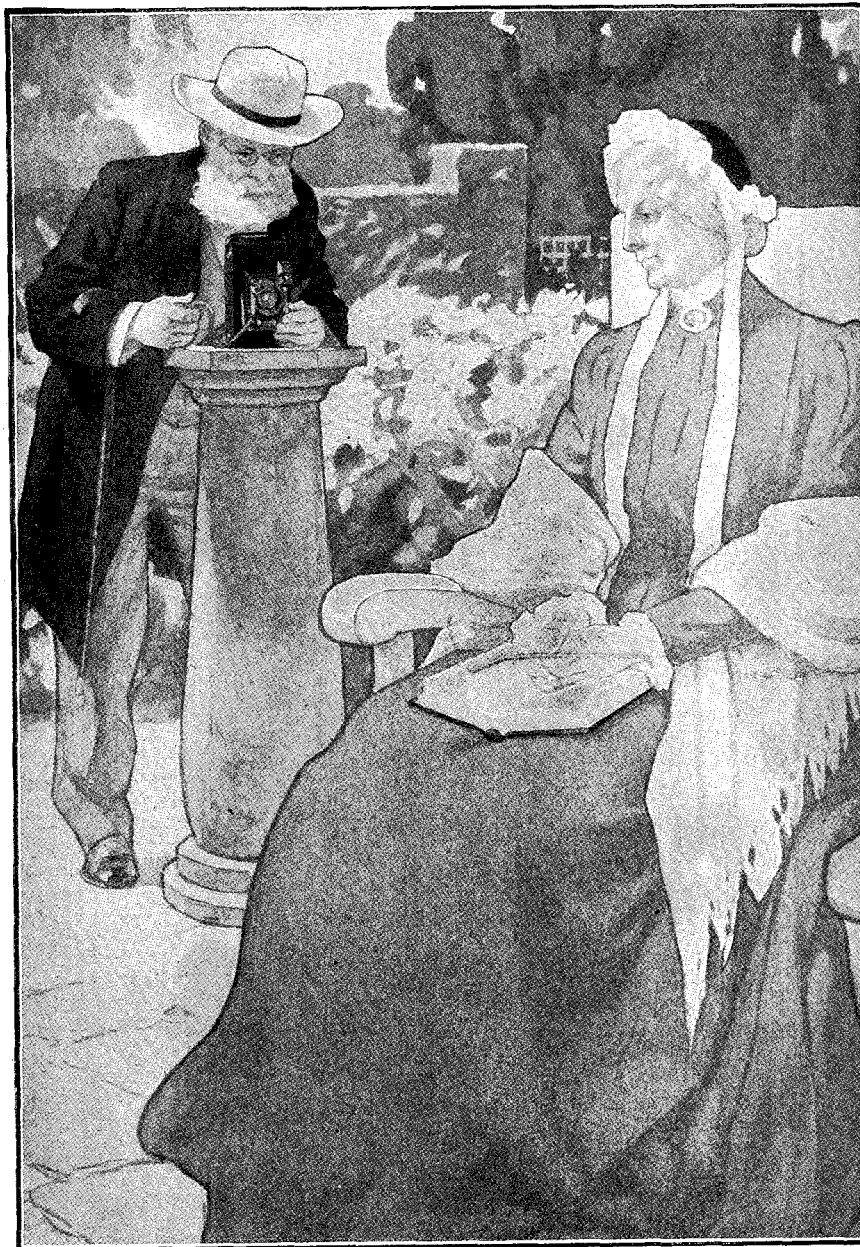
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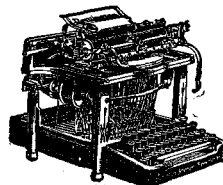
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